

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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WASHINGTON, D. C.—MRS. GARFIELD PREPARING FOOD FOR HER HUSBAND.
FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 38.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

THE LIGHT IN OUR CLOUDS.

WE remarked last week on the gratifying fact that, just in proportion as the protracted disability of the President has put an unexpected strain on the administrative mechanism of the Government, there has been found a residue of stability and of self-action in the orderly working of our civil institutions which has been ample to preserve us from the fear of anarchy on the one hand or the threat of usurpation on the other. And in this respect the checks and balances of our composite political system have been admirably reinforced by the moderation and reserve of the great political organizations by whose energy and activity the public life of the nation is fed and sustained within the limits of the Constitution.

A Mexican statesman, of the highest rank and intelligence, who, in the Winter of 1876 and 1877, watched the stress put on our institutions by the electoral contest of that date, was struck with special admiration at the ingenuity displayed by the framers of the Electoral Commission Act in providing for the intervention of "the fifth judge," who, according to the terms of that Act, was to strike the wavering balance between the seven Democratic and the seven Republican Commissioners embraced in that high tribunal. But, in fact, his attention should have been drawn not so much to the peculiar device which gave that Commission its shape and being, as to the deep and underlying conservative spirit which set the statesmen of that epoch on the discovery of some available and peaceful exit from the embarrassments of that dangerous complication. The wisdom of Congress at that time led to the formation of that particular machinery for the purpose of coping with an omitted case in the civil traditions of the country, and when the machinery had accomplished its beneficent object, it was relegated to the lumber-room of our administrative history.

And at the present time, when the whole American people are called to watch around the bedside of the President, it is but natural that the pulsations of our political life should beat, now high, now low, in some sort of unison with the daily bulletins that are issued from his darkened chamber. But, under all the uncertainties of the painful crisis which is concentrating the eyes of the nation and of the whole civilized world around that bed of pain at Washington, it is most gratifying to observe that the hazards of the political situation have served rather to chasten than to exasperate the spirit of partisan contention. As the pistol of the assassin put an end, by its ill-omened noise, to the strife of tongues which was vexing the air at Albany, so there are signs that the new civil complications likely to be forced on the country, in the event of the President's death, would be met by the politicians at Washington with a commendable spirit of moderation and patriotism.

It is known that in the deplorable event to which we have referred, and on the accession of Vice-President Arthur to the Presidency, the Senate of the United States would be left evenly divided between the two great party organizations of the country. The Senate having failed to elect a President *pro tempore* at its last extraordinary session, and its Secretary having died since the date of its last meeting, it follows that the body is left, in the case supposed, without any officer entitled to call the members to order and to initiate its proceedings. Meanwhile, the Legislature of New York has sent two new Senators to take the places of ex-Senators Conkling and Platt, but these two new Senators will not be entitled to take their places in the Senate until after they shall have been duly "sworn in" on the faith of their credentials. It would seem, therefore, that they are not legally competent to vote on the preliminary organization of the body, for it is not until the body should have been organized that they can be regularly admitted to its membership and participate in its deliberations.

It will be seen, therefore, that the hazards and possibilities of the precarious political situation would seem to offer to the Democrats an occasion and temptation for the practice of "a grab game," by seizing on all the honors and emoluments of the Senate as their lawful perquisites, should the lamentable contingency arise which has provoked these vaticinations of the passing hour. We are glad to observe, however, that most of the Democratic leaders who have spoken on this subject are properly alive to the political proprieties as well as the patriotic duties of the grievous emergency which can alone give reality to these grave solicitudes. Mr. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, than whom it

would be difficult to find another more stalwart in the Democratic creed, has expressed a preference, in the case supposed, for an organization of the Senate, by general consent, under the lead of a conservative Republican Senator, like Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, who to his recognized conservatism and fairness adds a large experience in the duties of such a parliamentary position; while another Democratic leader, ex-Senator William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, points to Senator Davis, of Illinois, as the man predestinated by his high personal character and political independence to hold the scales evenly between the two political parties and their representatives in the Senate. After avowing the opinion that the people, while still bending over the grave of President Garfield, would look with indignation on any attempt of the Democrats in the Senate to profit by that calamity in a grasping and mercenary way, he proceeds to hold the following language:

"This will be an extraordinary emergency, not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, and is to be met by extraordinary patriotism and love of country. We want order and not chaos; we want law and regular procedure as far as possible in a crisis brought about by assassination, and we want to show the world that assassination produces no upheaval in this country, but only cements the people closer in sustaining the law and the quiet life of the republic—a Government based on the consent of the governed."

There is something educational in all deep and powerful emotions which stir the better sensibilities of our common human nature. It is not the least among the services rendered to his country by President Garfield that in learning for himself how to suffer and be strong, he has taught to his countrymen a sublime lesson in patriotic fortitude and self-control. It is much to have taught in our politics the lesson he has learned in his sufferings.

SCHOOL METHODS.

EVERY parent and every taxpayer in the country has a stake in the truth of Professor Parker's assertion before the Queen's County Teachers' Institute, some time ago, that the Quincy method of teaching gives one hundred per cent. more of result than any other method which has ever been tried in our public schools. That the usual methods leave much to be desired, there can be little question—so little, indeed, that it is a matter of surprise that, after all these years of complaint and fault-finding, it was left for the School Board of Quincy, Mass., so lately as five years ago, to discover where the fault lay, and to point out a remedy.

The trouble was patent enough. It is evident to the most superficial observer that, whereas our school system has of late years quadrupled in expense, our school children do not read more fluently, nor write more elegantly, nor speak more grammatically than they did thirty years ago. If the object of education is to teach a child a little of everything, that object might be considered as accomplished by the present system, provided it could insure his remembering anything; but this, says the Quincy School Board, is not the object of the teaching in our public schools. Education is not the acquisition of facts, it is the training of the faculties; in our schools we do not propose to teach the children the answers to an infinite succession of conundrums, but to put into their hands the tools, with the skill to use them, by which they shall, through the succeeding years, shape for themselves fitting and well-proportioned lives. These tools are reading and writing, the means of getting thought and of conveying thought; to make his pupils masters of these tools, and to guide them in the choice of the fittest material for their future use, by introducing them to the best thought of the best minds, is the work of the educator.

This idea is by no means new. There is scarcely a more hackneyed one in the range of thought. Every school-boy knows the derivation of the word education, and that it means to draw out or train the faculties; it was only from school-committees, of all the world, that the secret was hidden. When the School Committee of Quincy awoke to this knowledge, the second step came of itself. It was nothing less than a radical change in the methods of teaching. Instead of adding to the number of branches taught, they were remorselessly cut down to "the three R's," reading, writing and arithmetic, and these were taught upon an altogether new plan. The alphabet was degraded from its time-honored post of chief executioner of the innocents; its prime assistant, the spelling-book, shared in its disgrace, and—so daring an innovation almost takes away one's breath—grammar, reader, and copy-book followed them into oblivion. The teachers went to Nature to be taught, and, learning well of her, they simply essayed to lead their pupils on in the same path in which Nature had already placed them in teaching them to walk and talk. These teachers discovered that, instead of indoctrinating an infant in the principles of equilibrium and of articulation, and then prescribing stated hours in which to prac-

tice the newly-acquired rules, Nature set him at once to walk and to talk, and thus the most difficult of all accomplishments were acquired by every child with perfect ease and delight. Upon this hint the teachers of Quincy acted. The children were taught to read at sight, to write without spelling, to express what they saw, and when, later on, they had been led from seeing to thinking, from impression to reflection, to express what they thought in their own natural language, with no aid from grammatical rules. Reading and writing seemed under the new régime to come by Nature. Spelling was no longer a Sisyphæan toil, while composition, the *bête-noir* of school and teacher alike, became what it should be, the natural expression of the most delightful exercise of the mental faculties.

Recognizing the principle that it is not enough to teach to read, but that the instructor should also impart a love of reading, and alive to the fact that probably no human faculty depends so much upon early habit and training as the faculty of acquiring information out of books, the Quincy teachers saw the importance of absolute perfection in the early stages of their pupils' work. No mistakes were permitted, none were likely to be made. The child was taught to do the thing right the first time, and never thought of doing it wrong. Constant practice and incessant repetition made every step easy and delightful before the next was taken. As the child advanced and reading became a pleasure, books of history, travel and adventure were put into his hands, and thus, without multiplying studies, history and geography were added to the list of his acquisitions.

Such in brief is the system which is gaining wide attention, and which has recently been introduced into the schools of Queen's County with considerable success. The school committee of Quincy in their five years' test find that it has reduced the expense of teaching by one-fifth, while doubling its efficiency. The plan has certainly long passed the experiment stage, and is well worthy of more universal adoption.

THE LIMITS OF LEGISLATION.

THERE is a persistent tendency in legislative bodies in this country to attempt to reform mankind in manners and morals by statute. There are thirty-eight of these bodies, besides the National Congress, constantly at work, and the volumes containing the results of their labors furnish rich materials for the student of the new science of Sociology.

One of the most curious illustrations of this tendency is an Act passed at its last session by the Legislature of Minnesota. It requires that "in all public schools instruction shall be given in the elements of moral and social science, including industry, order, economy, punctuality, patience, self-denial, health, purity, temperance, cleanliness, honesty, truth, politeness, patriotism, hope, perseverance, kindness, conscience, mercy, reflection, and the will," and that "oral lessons shall be given upon one of these topics every day, and the pupils required to furnish illustrations of the same on the following day."

We can imagine the complacency with which the group of farmers, artisans and lawyers, assembled from all parts of that great agricultural State, looked upon this effort to make it a new Arcadia. Impressed with the Anglo-Saxon notion that the Legislature is omnipotent, they thought they had only to say "Let there be light," and the illumination of knowledge and virtue would begin; that a statute "Be it enacted that all men shall be honest and virtuous" would have some mysterious efficacy as a command of the sovereign power. It is an example almost comical, though quite seriously intended, of our habit of regarding legislation as a panacea for public evils. We are always ready to assert that a statute properly mandatory or prohibitory is "the sovereignest thing on earth" for all the bruises of the body politic. This is an inherited notion—a survival of the old English theory of parliamentary power. Lord Coke says, "The power of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be restrained either for causes or persons within any bounds." And Blackstone writes, "It hath sovereign and uncontrollable authority in the making, confirming, enlarging, restraining, abrogating, repealing, reviving and expounding of laws concerning matters of all possible denominations, ecclesiastical or temporal, civil, military, maritime and criminal. It can do everything that is not naturally impossible." And he adds, in his deprecating way, when defending time-honored absurdities, "And, therefore, some have not scrupled to call its power, by a figure rather too bold, the omnipotence of Parliament."

This notion of the unlimited scope of legislative power, inbred in the minds of the English-speaking race, though having its origin in the Saxon love of liberty, has been fruitful of evils. It was wholly foreign to the European mind, trained in the traditions of despotism, and with an en-

tirely different experience as to the sources of power. Deloime, sneering at it, said, "It is a fundamental principle of the English lawyers that Parliament can do everything but make a man a woman, or a woman a man."

In framing our system out of the old materials, we rejected this idea of the omnipotence of the legislature, and hedged it about with constitutional barriers, only to be broken down by the direct and deliberate action of the people. But yet in its practical working the old notions crop out—the ancestral ideas survive and manifest themselves constantly in absurd efforts to reform the world and change the nature and habits of men by statute.

There is so much simplicity and faith in this effort of the Minnesota legislators to elevate the moral standard of their people, that it seems cruel to expose it to ridicule. Their object was noble. They knew that, at the foundation of the State, the amplest means of popular education were provided in the public lands devoted to that purpose. They knew by experience that learning without virtue is a dangerous thing; and, with a solemn sense of their omnipotence as legislators, as defined by Coke and Blackstone, they set about the work of making the rising generation virtuous by law. The plan they struck out was to turn every district school-teacher into a preacher of ethics—with compulsory sermons daily on one of the cardinal virtues, the whole being enumerated in a statutory list, like the subjects of duty in a tariff bill. And, like the assiduous cultivator who pulls up his plants every morning to see how they are growing, they provide for daily illustrations of the progress of the pupils in such lofty qualities as conscience, patriotism, hope, kindness, patience, purity and truth. It seems like a statutory preparation for the millennium.

The French officer, witnessing the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, exclaimed, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!*" And so the philosophical observer must say of this heroic charge upon evil, it is sublime, but it is not legislation.

Yet it is a fair type of the legislative folly which constantly strives after the impossible, in diverting the national channels of trade, in putting into the fetters of law the healthy energies of the citizen, in defending and separating the common interests and reciprocal duties of capital and labor, and in building paper barriers against the passions and appetites of men. And it proves by its "ridiculous excess" how vain is the attempt to cut by the sword of the law certain inevitable knots in the tangled web of our moral and social life.

MUMMIED KINGS.

THE greatest archaeological event since Sir Henry Layard's researches at Nineveh is the discovery at Thebes of thirty-nine mummies of royal and priestly personages of Egypt. Twenty-six of the mummies have been definitely identified by means of the inscriptions upon their cases and the linen shrouds, and are for the most part kings and queens, with their children, extending over four dynasties from the seventeenth to the twenty-first, or from about 2,000 to 1,700 B. C. Among them is the mummy of Thothmes the Great—the "most glorious monarch of the Pharaonic history"—and that of the Pharaoh of the Jewish captivity, "wrapped in rose-colored and yellow linen of a texture finer than the finest Indian muslin, upon which lotus flowers are strewn." Time does not seem to have dimmed the color of the penciled inscriptions, which are said to be "as bright and fresh as if the artist's brush had touched them but yesterday," and the same seems to be true of the festoons and wreaths which decorate the cases—the lotus flowers strewn upon the shrouds looking, after nearly 4,000 years, as if they "had been plucked but a few months ago." As to the value of this remarkable discovery to archaeological science, the *London Times* remarks:

"The Egyptian antiquities have much more than an artistic value. They expose the course and features of Egyptian life and thought as vividly as they could have been displayed by art and literature to ancient Egyptians themselves. So far as ancient Egypt had a literature it probably is fully and perfectly exemplified in the relics so bountifully distributed among European museums. For the facts of history, for the actual conclusions even of the spiritual operations of the mind, no records could be more satisfying than those the Pharaohs have bequeathed to the modern world. In them the modern intelligence reads to what effect the ancient intelligence labored. Could the stroke of a pick-axe at Herculaneum break an entrance into some poor book-cupboard of a lettered Roman, new kingdoms might be illuminated in the modern intelligence itself."

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

NOW that Parliament has adjourned, interest centres in Great Britain in the movements of the Land League. Mr. Parnell and some of his fellow-extremists are still doing everything in their power to keep alive the agitation in Ireland; but the indications are that they have in a great measure lost their grip upon the public confidence. Mr. Dillon has frankly confessed that the Land Act offers tenants such great and tangible benefits as to cut the ground from beneath the feet of the revolutionary agitation which the League has been conducting, and has, accordingly, withdrawn for a time from public life. The Land League conferences held last week were but meagrely attended, and there are other signs

that the tenant class have resolved to give the new law a fair and generous trial. One of these indications is found in the fact that the Tenant Right Association in Tyrone County, where Mr. Parnell has attempted to force a League candidate on the electors, has strongly rebuked the impertinent interference. Mr. John Givan, an advanced Liberal member of Parliament, has accepted the position of Assistant Land Commissioner, greatly to the alarm of the landlords, who regard him as a strong partisan of tenant-right. Two of the imprisoned "suspects" have been released on signing a document pledging themselves to abstain from assault or violence.

There is a growing sentiment of hostility to the Papacy among the people and representative public men of France. The feeling which led to the sequestration of the educational establishments of the Jesuits and to the practical expulsion of that Order is deepening every day, and there are indications that Gambetta and those who think with him mean, at no distant date, to move for the abolition of the existing compact with the Church, and the complete secularization especially of education in all parts of the Republic. The clerical influence is undoubtedly the most dangerous enemy which menaces the present form of government, and the restriction of its power is the obvious duty of patriotic statesmanship. Gambetta will probably aim at the revision of the constitution and powers of the Senate, in which clericalism is now in control, as the first important step in the programme of dismantling the Church authority.

Meanwhile Bismarck seems to have compromised his long-standing quarrel with the Vatican, going to the extent of relieving the newly-appointed Bishop of Treves from taking the oath of obedience to the State. It is said, however, that while the Prince will make concessions looking to the restoration of the Catholic service in many parishes which have been for a long time without pastors, he will not abandon the principle for which he has stood in his controversy with the Pope. It is certainly inconceivable that, after all that has happened, he should consent to the re-establishment of the authority of the Church as it existed in Prussia before the passage of the May laws. It is understood that a Papal Nuncio will be sent to Berlin, and that Germany will be represented by a *chargé d'affaires* at the Vatican.

The bad weather has continued in Great Britain, and all hopes of a satisfactory crop have been abandoned. It is estimated by some that the crop will be less than that of 1879, and nearly all agree that England will be compelled to import as much this year as she did then. The extent of the rainfall may be estimated when it is stated that in some localities it amounted in eighteen hours to 150 tons per acre. The storms have cleared the grouse moors of sportsmen, and partridge shooting, which began on the 1st, is also likely to be a failure.

A council of provincial delegates is to be summoned in Russia to consider a scheme of peasant migration. While discouraging any imprudent, ill-considered tendency on the part of the peasants to migrate, the Government declares itself desirous of promoting migration when made necessary by real distress, and of assisting the sufferers to acquire fresh land. An official pamphlet recently published sets forth the reforms approved by the Czar, which may be said, comprehensively, to be some sort of popular administration.

The French campaign in Tunis, which is said to have cost already \$12,800,000, has not made much progress during the past week. One or two points of some importance have been occupied, and a battle has been fought at Sourki, where the Arabs are said to have lost heavily, but a subsequent statement that the French were compelled to retreat scarcely justifies their claim of a "victory." The French commander, in his difficulty, asked the co-operation of a Tunisian officer who, with a considerable force, was in the vicinity, but assistance was refused—a fact which would seem to show that the invaders are not likely to receive any real help from their "allies." The French are advancing on Kairouan, the religious capital of Tunis, where the Arabs are concentrating in great numbers. The Tunisian correspondent of the *République Française* quotes and indorses the opinion of General Logerot that the French will require ten thousand men and artillery to go to Kairouan. In Algeria a sweep of country 200,000 acres in extent has been devastated by fires kindled by the Arabs.

The Ameer of Afghanistan is rapidly advancing against Ayoub Khan who, apparently conscious of his weakness, is said to have made peace overtures.—Some anxiety is felt as to the situation in Zululand, where several of the head chiefs are fomenting discontent and disturbance.—The Gladstone administration has suffered a loss at the North Lincolnshire election, which has resulted in the return of James Lowther, the Conservative candidate, by a majority of 471. "Fair Trade" was a leading issue in the contest, the views of the successful candidate on that subject appealing strongly to the farmers of the country.—It is announced that President Grévy will offer Gambetta the Premiership whenever the present Ministry shall "encounter a hostile vote in the Chamber of Deputies."

A story is running the rounds of the newspapers that at a recent visit of Postmaster-General James to New York City, the question of the reconstruction of the Cabinet, in the event of the President's death, was discussed by himself and General Arthur. We do not believe it. To suppose that the Vice-President is capable of discussing the question of "patronage" in anticipation of the death of the Executive, and mapping out what he will do for one man and another if that event

occurs, is simply to suppose that he is a sort of political jackal, lying in wait for his prey at the doors of the White House, and that is something which nobody who knows General Arthur will believe for a moment. The truth is that he has carried himself with singular delicacy and dignity all through the recent trouble, and any statement or intimation to the contrary not only does him violent injustice, but is discreditable to those who make it.

The total majority against prohibition in the recent election in North Carolina was 118,945. That would seem to be sufficiently decisive to dissipate all apprehensions of the liquor interest as to the future. It is becoming more and more apparent that, in the opinion of the average citizen, men are not to be reformed nor their appetites controlled by statute.

The century has not offered a sublimer spectacle than that of a nation on its knees supplicating the Divine mercy for its smitten head, and the Christian men and women of the whole civilized world reverently and respectfully joining in the petition. Even the Ingalls, who mock at God and make sport of all sacred things, must have been affected by this spectacle, and been led to acknowledge the vitality of that faith which stormed the throne of the Almighty for a blessing which He alone could bestow.

A good deal of intriguing and dickerings is going on among the Democracy of New York City with a view of crushing out Mr. John Kelly, but so far that sturdy fighter seems to hold his own, and the indications are that he will be a very lively factor in the Fall campaign. His authority may not prove as absolute as formerly, but plans which leave him out of the account will pretty certainly come to shipwreck. He has the advantage of knowing precisely what to do with, and how to use, the forces at his command, and as yet his opponents have not that coherent organization and perfect unanimity which sometimes make up for the absence of principle.

RECENT reports from Panama are not calculated to encourage the supporters of the De Lesseps canal scheme. According to these accounts there are not more than 250 laborers at work on the canal, 200 of whom are regulars. Half of them are sick, haggard and starving, and the death-rate is alarming. There are not more than 100 able bodied men at work at any time, and the force is constantly being renewed, because the laborers fall victims to disease, then lose their places and starve, or die of fever and a peculiar wasting away of the system. The canal company is seeking laborers in all directions, but the terrors of the climate prevent any considerable accessions to the wasted ranks. The opinion which is said to prevail in Panama that the canal will never be finished under present auspices is not, perhaps, unnatural under the circumstances.

THE Republicans of the Thirty-second Senatorial District of this State have repudiated Mr. Loren B. Sessions, now under indictment for alleged legislative bribery, and selected as their candidate in his stead Mr. Norman M. Allen, a gentleman of ability and marked purity of character, who has twice served with distinction in the body for which he is named. As an indication of the tendencies of our politics towards greater purity, and of the increasing popular demand for an elevated standard of character and capacity in candidates for public office, this result is most gratifying. Mr. Sessions may not be guilty of the specific offense with which he is now charged, but his career has not been such as to commend him to those who desire to see our legislation purged of corrupting influences, and his re-nomination under the circumstances would have been as unsafe as it would have been unwise.

A good deal of comment has been occasioned by the fact that the New York Republican State Committee at its recent session in this city failed to adopt expressions of sympathy with, or even to take any note whatever of the condition of, the President. When it is remembered that every Democratic body which has recently met in this city or elsewhere has passed resolutions of this character, the neglect of a representative body of Republicans to express even the slightest concern about the restoration to health of the Executive elected by the party certainly has an ugly look. But it is no doubt explained by the fact that a majority of the committee are "Stalwarts," who received their instructions from Mr. Conkling before going into the committee-room. Conklingism is only another name for brutality in politics. But how long does the Republican Party propose to submit to the dictation of a set of men who, to achieve their ends, would ride roughshod over any and every consideration of decency and humanity?

THE present season at the Summer resorts, and especially at the watering-places, has been the most successful of recent years. At Long Branch the crowd of visitors has been greater than ever before, greatly exceeding the capacity of the hotels, many of which are to be enlarged in order to accommodate the demand of future years. Other Jersey coast resorts report a like degree of prosperity, and the indications are that the entire shore from Sandy Hook to Barnegat will in a few years present a continuous line of cottages and hotels. Land thirty miles below Sandy Hook, which five years ago was regarded as practi-

cally worthless, is now selling at city prices, and Summer towns are springing up even in the shadows of the pine barrens which, in some places, reach down to the shore. Thus at Barnegat inlet a "city" with hotels, a street railway, etc., is building on a narrow strip of sand, whose only attraction consists in the fact that while the ocean roars and rages on one side of it, one of the most magnificent bays in the world spreads its broad expanse on the other. The extension of railway facilities on the coast has greatly hastened its development, and its accessibility to New York guarantees its permanent popularity. The patronage of the mountain resorts during the month of August is reported to have been very large, and it may, perhaps, be said generally, with perfect safety, that the expenditure for Summer pleasure during the season so near its close has been greater than in any year since the panic of 1873.

THE members of the Star Route Ring who have indulged high hopes of escape from punishment upon the probable death of the President are likely to be disappointed. The investigation into the rascalities of the Ring has gone steadily forward during all the excitements of the last two months, and those who know allege that at no time since the investigation began has the prospect of convicting General Brady and his associates been so promising as at present. The Attorney-General and his associates have accumulated a mass of evidence which, when disclosed, will not only startle the country, but render the escape of the criminals impossible. So far as the life or death of the President is concerned, the issue will not affect the action of the Government against the Ring in the slightest degree. In face of the evidence already obtained it would be fatal to any Administration to hesitate in the prosecution of the Ring. The Grand Jury will meet within a fortnight, and the evidence in the cases will at once be laid before it. The country will rejoice to see the conspirators subjected, as they are likely to be, to the maximum punishment which the law attaches to their offense.

THE political situation in Mississippi is rendered unusually interesting by the fact that the Republicans, Greenbackers and Liberal Democrats have entered into a coalition for the defeat of the regular Democratic ticket. The fusion nominee for Governor, Hon. Ben. King, is a lawyer of ability, and is widely known as bold and courageous to a fault in the maintenance of his convictions. Since the war he has been an earnest opponent of carpet-bag rule, acting with the Democracy until he became convinced, as he alleges, that the policy of that party was not calculated to promote the best interests of the State. He now announces that he means to have an honest ballot and a fair count, and it is believed that his supporters will be strong enough to secure these conditions. Mr. King's associates on the fusion ticket are all men of unimpeachable records. It begins to look as if the Independent and Liberal movement at the South has become too strong to be sneered at any longer by the now dominant party. The country will welcome any and all indications of a revolution which can have but one result—namely, the broadening and deepening of all the channels and currents of our political life as a people.

We learn from the Boston Transcript that "a tender and touching evidence of respect and sympathy for the suffering President has been shown at Franconia, by the Selectmen, in naming one of the great hills in the White Mountain group 'Mount Garfield.' It has the reputation of being the most symmetrical of the group, and also one of the most conspicuous, being 4,500 feet high, or only about 700 feet less than its neighbor, Mount Lafayette. Three score years ago it was known as Moose Mountain, and Mount Lafayette was called the 'Great Haystack.' After the death of Lincoln, the mountain next south of Mount Lafayette was named in honor of the martyred President." The Transcript says that "Franconia has the reputation of being a Democratic stronghold. It is one of the compensations of the great trial through which the nation has passed that it has obliterated all the antagonisms and resentments of party, race and religion, those who have always differed, and who differ still, with the President as to political and religious questions, sympathizing with him in his suffering just as intensely and keenly as those of his own household."

THE new code of criminal procedure in this State went into operation on the 1st instant. One good provision of the code is that in relation to disorderly persons, among whom it includes those "who actually abandon their wives and children without adequate support," "persons pretending to tell fortunes," "persons who have no visible profession or calling by which to maintain themselves, but who do so for the most part by gaming," and jugglers, common showmen and mountebanks, who exhibit or perform for profit, puppet shows, wire or rope dancers, or other idle shows, acts or feats. These and all the others that this code enumerates as "disorderly persons" may be required to give security for good behavior for one year, or the court may, in its discretion, order them to be kept in jail at hard labor for six months. One of the most objectionable sections of the code is that which provides that a prisoner brought before a magistrate may have all persons, except the judge, the officers and the lawyers, excluded during the examination, and that no other persons shall have access to the written depositions. The dangers which would attend such a system of secret tribunals are only too obvious, and we cannot but believe that in this respect the code will be speedily amended.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A MARVELOUSLY rich gold field is reported to have been discovered thirty miles from Deadwood.

AN ice famine prevails in New Orleans, only about a quarter of the usual daily supply being obtainable.

IT turns out that Marvin, the polygamist, who was recently arrested and taken to Richmond, Va., has in all fifteen wives.

A CIRCULAR has been issued in Chicago sounding merchants on the propriety of calling a protection convention in November.

JOHN FREDERICK ELMORE, the new Minister resident of Peru, has presented his credentials to the State Department at Washington.

THE trial of Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, a Methodist divine, for heresy, will commence before a church council in Chicago this week.

THE New York Republican State Convention, for the nomination of candidates for State officers, will be held in New York City on October 5th.

SENATOR BEN HILL's tongue is again giving him trouble because of his caustic affection, and there are some who fear that the case is past cure.

ARRANGEMENTS were completed last week for the removal of the President to Long Branch, and it was thought the change would be effected by the 7th.

THE homeward-bound steamers from Europe are bringing over crowds of returning tourists; but the outgoing steamers are still heavily loaded with passengers.

THE political canvass in Ohio occasions little excitement, but there is a good deal of quiet work being done by the Democrats, who seem to have the chances in their favor.

A NATIONAL Free Thinkers' Convention, consisting of some 500 delegates, representing most of the Northern and Western States and Canada, was held at Hornellsville, N. Y.

GOVERNOR SHELTON of New Mexico proposes to organize and arm independent companies for co-operation with the military in protecting the territory from Indian incursions.

THE net reduction in Star Route and steamboat mail service was made during August amounting to \$98,337. The total reductions and discontinuances since March 4th amount to \$1,479,779.

SITTING BULL and his followers, 200 in number, are soon to be removed to Fort Randall, Dakota, above Yankton, and will be held as prisoners of war, and not as pensioners of the Interior Department in any sense.

WORKMEN are engaged putting down extra tracks on the Pennsylvania Railroad, with a view to ultimately making it a four-track line from New York to Pittsburg. Two of the tracks will be used exclusively for freight.

GEORGE H. W. STUART, ex-Secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education, who was lately discharged on a Scotch verdict of not proven, upon a charge of embezzling \$10,000, has been again arrested, charged with embezzling \$107,500.

At a meeting of the Tammany Hall General Committee last week Mr. John Kelly made a speech in which he said that Tammany Hall would take part in the deliberations of the coming Democratic State Convention, and would not be ignored.

THE public debt statement for August shows a reduction of \$14,181,221. The decrease in the interest-bearing debt during the month was nearly \$12,000,000. The entire amount of 5 and 6 per cent. bonds converted into 3½ per cent. bonds is \$678,890,100.

GENERAL CARR, six other officers and sixty-four men of the Sixth Cavalry were murdered on August 31st by the Apaches near Fort Apache, Arizona. The slaughter was precipitated by an attempt to arrest a "medicine man," who shot Lieutenant Cruise, and was in turn shot down by the soldiers.

In the Cramer case Professor Chittenden reported that he had discovered arsenic in various organs of the dead girl, and on September 3d the jury returned a verdict of "criminally responsible" against James Malley, Jr., and "morally responsible" against Walter Malley and Blanche Douglas.

GREAT damage to Western crops has been caused by the recent drought. In the Middle States, also, corn has suffered greatly. Canada has been suffering from extensive forest fires, which have come so close to Toronto as to make the air oppressive, while Kingston was so enveloped in smoke that the boats could not find their way, and business was nearly suspended on the river.

THE valuation of taxable real estate in New York for 1881 shows an increase over last year of \$34,000,000, and now aggregates \$976,735,199. The valuation of personal property for purposes of taxation shows an increase of \$8,000,000, and is now \$209,212,899. The increase in the tax levy over that of last year is, in round numbers, \$2,300,000. The net funded debt of the city is \$99,399,974.

Foreign.

It is stated that Péro Hyacinthe (Loyson) will visit the United States in the Spring.

THERE is a movement in Dublin in favor of an exhibition of Irish manufactures. The Lord Mayor will shortly call a meeting to consider the subject.

THE British Board of Trade has decided to appoint a committee to consider the project for the construction of a tunnel under the channel between England and France.

THE Irish landlords have determined to maintain their Property Defense Association for another year. The subscription paid by a voluntary tax will amount to \$70,000 this year.

RUSSIA is endeavoring to secure an interest in the Suez Canal to enable her to transport troops to her Pacific possessions by that route. France is said to look favorably upon this as a means of offsetting British influence in Egypt.

THE Anglo-French Treaty negotiations are at a standstill. Earl Grey is opposed to England pressing for a new treaty, and the Times thinks the French Protectionists should be left to "the stern teachings of facts." It is thought the French Government will agree to a temporary prolongation of the present treaty, which expires on November 8th.

SHOULD the new Land Act fail, because of the opposition of the Parnellites or for any other reason, to assuage the terrorism which still exists in some parts of Ireland, it is understood that some very strong measures against the Land League will probably be passed, and that a Bill will also be brought forward to render "Boycotting" illegal, and compel every trader to mark a price of his goods and sell at that price to any one who tenders the cash.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF GASTEIN, THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE EMPERORS.



ENGLAND.—WHITESAND BAY, WHERE THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE WAS LANDED.



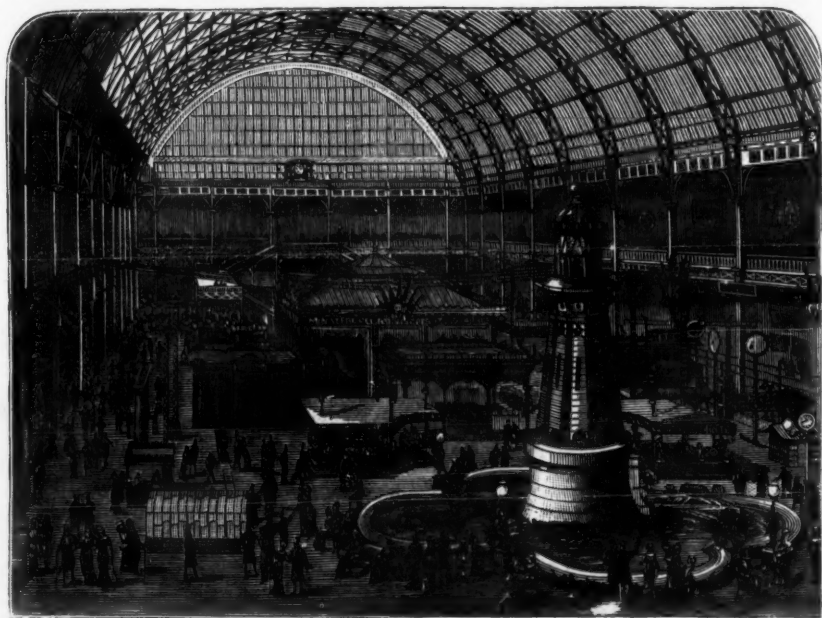
AFRICA.—ATTACK, BY THE FRENCH MARINES, ON GABES, TUNIS.



AUSTRALIA.—HIRING ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.



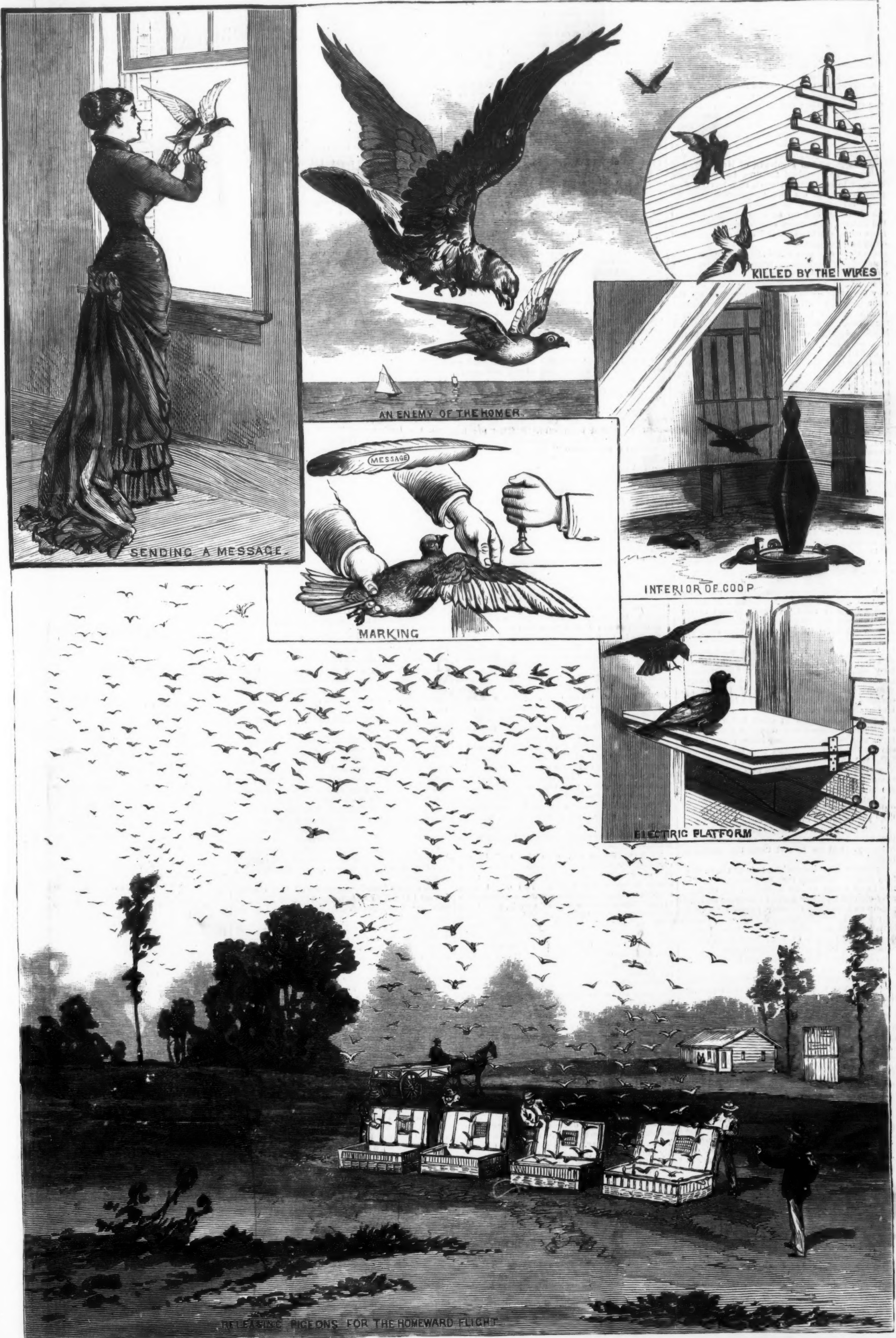
HOLLAND.—TAKING TOLL ON A DUTCH CANAL.



FRANCE.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION AT PARIS.



RUSSIA.—THE KREMLIN, WITH THE NEW PALACE, AT MOSCOW.



THE METHOD OF TRAINING AND RACING HOMING-PIGEONS.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

A ROMANCE OF THE PASSION PLAY.

A JUNE morning of last year found Marshal Lester and myself on board the good ship *Herder*, en route to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, via the Free City of Hamburg. As traveling companions, we were admirably mated—he, optimist; I, pessimist—he, full of the rose-colored illusions which tint the first half of the twenties; I, in the forties, the sun of life hot and feverish—he, with life before him; I, already commencing to glance back at the milestones on a weary road. Scarcely old enough to be his father, I was a good, heavy brother to him, and confidence at its implicit best reigned serenely between us.

A distinguished graduate of Harvard, and being of independent fortune, Lester betook himself to books and travel, and, having first paid tribute to his own magnificent land, he spent three years in travel abroad, during which he picked up as many languages and the flotsam and jetsam which render "the fellows who have been there" such desirable and enjoyable companions.

Our voyage was absolutely colorless. We touched at Plymouth, from thence crossed over to Cherbourg, steaming inside the gigantic breakwater, and the morning of the twelfth day found us slowly winding our way up the Elbe between high banks of mud, from behind which peeped the red-tiled houses, set in a framework of trees, the foliage of a vivid and luminous green, and, oh, how refreshing to the ocean-weary eye.

I shall not chronicle that Hamburger beef-steak, or that breakfast Unter den Linden at Berlin, or that deep, deep draught of the beauties of the Dresden Gallery, or that beer-debauch in the Hofbrauerei at Munich! No—each and every one of these features in our trip deserve detailed mention, and dare not be dismissed by a mere passing nod.

From Munich we journeyed by rail to Murnau, where we put up at the hostelry now known to many a "Passion Pilgrim" as Herr Kotmüller's, and in the glittering sunlight of the following morning started for Oberau, an infinitesimally small village at the foot of the giant Zugspitze.

The road for a little way lay between rows of shady trees and beside a stream that "rippled a song of welcome." Past this scene of greenery, what a glorious sight burst upon us, causing even my heart to leap in very ecstasy. Rising majestically in front were the peaks of the mountains outlined with snow; to the right, the Ettaler range, with the Ettaler Mandl over five thousand feet high; to the left, the Herzogenstand and the Krotten Kopf, over six thousand feet, while, directly in our road, barring the end of the gorge, stood the Zugspitze, ten thousand feet, cameo-cut against the keen full blue sky. The sunlight flashed amongst the Titanic crags, laying bars of gold across dark pine woods, and illuminating patches of vegetation till they shone in gilded green; while delicate shades of pink passed over the face of the virgin snow like, as Marshal Lester exclaimed, "the first blush in the heart of the bud of the moss-rose."

I must hurry up that steep hill, the wood enshrined in trees, the wayside a fringe of ferns and mosses, the clear little river like a silvery thread a thousand feet below on our left, the pine-dotted mountain sheer two thousand feet on our right, and come to the summit, where the surprising loveliness of the Ammerthal gradually unfolded itself.

"Let us take to the fields," observed Lester; "the village of Oberammergau must lie behind the shoulder of yonder hill."

"Not until I quaff a *krugel* of beer. Here is the once famous monastery of Ettal, now a brewery. Let us in and taste the monastic beer."

Opposite the fortress-like gate of the monastery stands the house formerly the quarters of the Lord Abbot, to-day a *gasthof*. A smiling, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired Bavarian maiden, plump as a quail in October, greeted us with, "Gruß Gott!" ("God be good to you"), as we entered, and, in a trice, placed a pair of glass silver-capped mugs of beer before us on an oaken table, black as ebony from age.

"Tibi!" cried Lester, while we touched goblets.

As we sat quaffing the amber nectar, Lester, who faced the window, suddenly started to his feet, exclaiming:

"What beautiful girls!"

Two ladies stood in the roadway; both were young, both very beautiful. They were attired in short skirts, revealing rough, hob-nailed boots and unexceptionable ankles. On their heads were dark-green Alpine hats, adorned with cock's feathers.

While we were incontinently staring, a gentleman strode into the apartment, attired in a short gray frieze jacket, with bright green velvet collar and cuffs, black leather breeches reaching to above the knee, and gray worsted stocking enveloping the calf of the leg. His conical felt hat was graced by the *gamsbart*, or beard of the stag chamois. The quaint old silver buttons on his jacket were worth a Jew's ransom.

If blue blood and gentle lineage ever told a tale, it was written upon the woman-white skin of the young *chasseur*, who bowed to us with the stately grace of the Court of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

He addressed us in German, with which we were tolerably well acquainted.

"Come to see the Passion Play, gentlemen?"

"Yes; we have traveled expressly from New York to witness it."

"From New York?"

This fact seemed to astonish him considerably, and during our brief conversation he frequently alluded to it.

"Is there not a pathway through the fields to the village?" I asked, for Lester was gazing at the two girls who stood merrily chatting outside, evidently waiting for the *chasseur*.

"Yes; it runs by the river. You cannot miss it. We are going to fish in the river," he naively added; "and it is very difficult to obtain permission from Graf zu Pappenheim."

We saw him join the ladies, and it was quite evident that he was telling them of the two Yankees who had come expressly from New York to witness the play.

One of the girls turned as if to get a look at us—the smaller of the two. She was a medium height, of light and elegant form. A profusion of chestnut hair framed the oval of a charming visage, pink and white like the month of May; a delicate aquiline nose, a pair of dark-blue eyes, and a rich, rosy mouth, completed the attractions of a face whose expression may be described by the single word, "winsome."

"Is she not worthy of a poet's dreaming?" gushed Lester, as, with his face glued to the diamond-shaped pane, he gazed at her, his soul in his eyes. "Pay for the beer, Noel. I'll wait for you outside."

When I rejoined him he was already across the clear and crystal Ammer.

"There she is!" he observed. "They are going to fish. Let us get into conversation with the young *chasseur* again. He's inclined to be very civil."

The chamois-hunter, however, gave us, if not exactly the cold shoulder, a reception which boded ill to Lester's wooing, and, as the young ladies were busy with their fly-books beneath the shade of a tree some paces off, my stricken friend, to use a vulgarism, "got no show."

"I will find out who she is," muttered Lester. "Ay," he added, half-aloud, and speaking at her, "I will get an introduction to you if I have to remain in this valley for twenty years."

She looked up suddenly. I thought she smiled as though she had heard and understood what had been said. I lifted my hat and passed on, Lester reluctantly following.

"What's the hurry?" he growled. "The village won't run away."

"The beds may, though."

"I'll stop here, Noel. My *kismet* is at work."

"Don't make an ass of yourself!"

"I tell you," he said, gravely, "I have been hit badly. You may laugh at me if you will. Go! I'll find you, never fear. Oberammergau isn't New York."

And as I left him I could not help muttering Bon Gaultier's lines:

"Tis the most infernal bore,
Of all the bores I know,
To have a friend who's lost his heart
A short time ago."

The quaint little village—the home of the Passion Play—I found to be rich in deep-eaved houses, all-unexpected galleries and gables and eaves of espial, brave and coquettish in new coats of paint, whitewash and varnish. Lodgings were not to be had for love or lucre. I repaired to the home of *Herod*, but he would not listen to me. *St. Peter* denied me admittance. *Judas* refused my pieces of silver. *Pilate* washed his hands of me. *Joseph of Arimathea* was three deep. After a weary searching I found sanctuary beneath the roof of *Caiaphas*, access to my apartment being gained by a ladder through a hole in the ceiling of the principal sitting-room.

Happily for myself, I was not in love, and a glance from a pair of dark-blue eyes, however bright, would go but little way towards satisfying my inner man. The climb up the hill had whetted a vigorous appetite; so, leaving word for Lester, I repaired to the *Gasthof Stern*, where, in a little bow window, I played havoc with liver soup and a veal cutlet, washed down by copious libations to *Gambrianus*.

I was smoking my post-prandial cigar when Marshal Lester joined me.

"I have found out who she is!" he exclaimed, the words leaping from his lips. "She is the daughter of Count Starnberg; their castle is up in the woods. You might have seen the flag flying when we were crossing the river. They are no end of swells, and have their town-house in Vienna. They only come here in Summer. The young chap is Count Alexander Starnberg; he is in the Austrian Horse Guards. I got hold of him after you left, and gave him a couple of those Reinas that we bought in New York. He is a delightful fellow. They are coming to the Passion Play to-morrow. Have you got seats? Where? We must go to the eight-mark seats—they are the best."

Later in the evening we sallied forth in quest of places, and, to Lester's chagrin, could only obtain seats in the open air, and amongst the peasants.

"You always manage things badly," he angrily observed—"infernally badly. If you had left it to me I'd have had front seats. I won't sit amongst those greasy sausage-eating Bavarians. I'll give ten—twenty dollars for a seat in the best place. Come and see if Cook's or Gaze's men can help us."

Lester found Mr. Cook's agent, a very polite and anxious personage—a member, by-the-way, of the English Bar. This gentleman eventually succeeded in inducing a brace of Oxford men of his acquaintance to sell out to us.

"By Jingo," exclaimed one of them, as he chinked the golden premium, "our expenses in Oberammergau are paid."

The village was thronged with Passion pilgrims, the English element mustering in great strength. Every long-haired man was treated with marked respect, as he represented some character in the play, while all hats were doffed whenever Joseph Meyer, the *Christus*, passed on his way. The great tragedy was the one universal theme, and tiny children lurked in quiet corners rehearsing their parts for the coming tableaux.

As Lester and I strolled through the place the crack of a coachman's whip was heard, and the road cleared for a carriage to pass.

"Yes, sir!—there she is!" exclaimed my companion, convulsively tightening his clasp on my arm. The young count was driving, a

servant in Alpine dress seated beside him. The two girls were in the carriage, and, with his back to the horses, sat an elderly gentleman of very distinguished appearance, whom we at once adjudged to be the head of the house of Starnberg.

Marshal Lester was on my right, and, as he pulled me close to him, I could feel his heart fluttering like a newly-caught bird.

The following morning Lester awoke me humming, from the Greek Anthology:

"I've drunk sheer madness! Not with wine,
But old fantastic tales, I'll arm
My heart in heedlessness divine,
And dare the road, nor dream of harm!"

"I'll join Love's rout! Let thunder break,
Let lightning blast me by the way!
Invulnerable Love shall shake
His agis o'er my head to-day."

It is not within my "owar true tale" to describe the wondrous Passion Play, with its superb actors and its awe-striking surroundings; but, having witnessed it, I believe it to be the outcome of the pure enthusiasm of believing minds. A gun booming beneath the majestic crag of *Kofel* bounced us out of bed at five A. M., and when we emerged into the village street, en route to breakfast, everybody was astir.

A quarter to eight found us within the theatre, which, when considered in its relation to architectural beauty, presented nothing of importance save its simplicity. Occupying an area of 20,000 square feet, it was capable of conveniently seating between five and six thousand people. There were five distinct places of action for the players: first, the proscenium for the chorus, processions and the like; second, the central stage for the *tableaux vivants* and the usual character scenes; third, the Palace of *Pilate*; fourth, the Palace of *Annas*; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. But, oh, the background! Did any theatre ever possess the like? That glorious wall of softest green towering to the sky! On the left the valley of the Ammergau, with its flower-dappled meads and its silvery stream stretching away in the distance; behind, the cross-crowned *Kofel*, two thousand feet sheer above the nestling village.

Thanks to the brave Oxonians, we had capital cane-bottomed seats in the middle of the reserve, and beneath a roof. Lester remained standing, watching the entrance and consulting his watch at least three times in each sixty seconds.

"There they are!" he cried, growing as pale as death, then flushing up into the roots of his curly hair.

By a strange cast of the die their seats were exactly in front of us. The party consisted of five—the Count and Countess of Starnberg, the son and the two girls.

The young count bowed and shook hands; the girls gazed at us in an inquiring sort of way, and—the chorus entered.

A dead silence fell upon the vast audience, a silence which lasted until the end of the seventh act—the Garden at Gethsemane—when the Burgomaster announced a recess of one hour and a half.

"What do you think of it?" asked the younger Starnberg.

"It is awfully realistic," replied Lester.

Then the party rose and swept out.

"Isn't she adorable?" demanded my companion as we discussed the inevitable veal cutlet. "What a beautifully-shaped head and graceful neck! How deliciously her hair was done! Such little pink ears! Did you observe her hands—how dainty and white and blue-veined—and the rosy fingers and the almond-shaped nails? Did you hear her speak? What music! Oh, Noel, she is a revelation!"

"You'd better ask the young chap to dinner, Lester, and perhaps he'd return the compliment by inviting us to the parental *schloss*," I suggested.

"A dinner here! Sausage and veal cutlet! I wish I had him within ten miles of Delmonico's, or the Brunswick, then—Let us hurry back, Noel."

The seats of our noble friends were vacant when we returned, nor did they reoccupy them. Poor Lester was in despair, and he kept steadfastly watching the entrance instead of the awful tragedy being enacted before him, and which he had traveled so many thousand miles for the purpose of witnessing. As for myself, I never was so wound up in all my life, and at the Crucifixion Scene such a state of tension was I in that, when my companion accidentally touched me, I actually cried aloud as if in bodily pain.

"I guess they come here pretty often," he murmured, as we returned to our lodgings; "and they take it in act by act—they are so near. That is the reason of their not reappearing."

After dinner he proposed a stroll towards Ettal. Evening in the Bavarian Tyrol is divine, and this particular eve was a perfect glory. Rain-washed and luminous, the sunset sky held Hesper trembling in a solid green of beryl, while high up in the heavens the snow-capped mountains were flashing in a dozen shades of pink, the valleys glowing in a deep, soft purple.

It is scarcely necessary to say that we struck the mountain road for the *Schloss Starnberg*, and an hour's saunter brought us to the great, gilded gates, the pillars adorned with the family arms on brazen shields supported by rampant boars.

"It's no use, Lester," I laughed. "Your republican simplicity won't hold water against that, my boy. You must be able to show that a Lester rode with Ludwig, the Bavarian, up the hill at Ettal in 1330, when the miraculous—"

"Hush! there is some one at the gate. Perhaps it's Count Alexander."

The stately portal slowly swung back to permit the exit of an old man in a Tyrolean suit. The old man smoked a pipe, and, on perceiving us, respectfully lifted his hat.

Lester was for moving rapidly on, but I crossed the road and entered into conversation with the venerable retainer of the house of Starnberg, for such he proved to be.

Presently I called out to Lester.

"Here's news for you," I cried. "The whole family have fitter."

"What?" and he actually staggered.

"Went off for the three o'clock train to Murnau for Munich."

"No. I—I cannot, will not believe it!"

"Ask the old chap yourself."

Lester poured a whole broadside of questions into the gatekeeper which the other answered *seriatim*. He knew that the noble family had gone to Munich, but whether they intended remaining he could not say. The housekeeper at the *schloss* could tell. Wouldn't the well-born sirs walk up and ask her?

We adopted the suggestion. The housekeeper—a staid, serene, elderly lady, who wore spectacles, and scrutinized us over them—received us in a great oak hall surrounded by a gallery and adorned with trophies of the chase. Effigies in armor grimly confronted us, and a couple of stuffed wolves seemed ready to go for the calves of our legs, fixing us with their glittering eyes as the Ancient Mariner riveted the wandering attention of the wedding guest.

From the grim janitress we learned that the family had departed for Munich, en route to Vienna; that the young countess was en service as maid-of-honor to the Empress of Austria; that the imperial lady, who had been visiting her mother at the Garden of Roses, on Lake Starnberg, had telegraphed for the young countess to come into waiting at Munich, and that the young countess had had but a few hours' notice.

"Well, Marshal?" I exclaimed, as we emerged into the moonlighted carriage-drive.

"I'm off to Vienna," he said.

"Bosh!"

"You may pooh-pooh me as you will, Noel; but one glance passed between that beautiful girl and myself which has sealed my fate."

"I should like to see her glance if you asked her to become Mrs. L., and go into a French flat in New York?" I laughed.

"She would go into a shanty with the man she loved."

"Yes, with a Prince, or a Margrave, or an Elector, or a great Grand Duke, or a Serene High Mightiness."

"Love levels all skeins low, Noel."

"And lays the sceptre beside the shepherd's crook." Claude Melnotte takes the stand, if you please."

I reasoned, bullied, cajoled and eventually laughed Lester into abandoning the idea of following his *ignis fatuus*.

"I could get presented at the Austrian Court by our Minister," he urged.

"That would not present you to the Countess Starnberg."

"I could at all events see her, be near her, bathe in the sunshine of her beauteous presence."

"The imperial family are now going to Ischl, I see, by the *Extrablatt*. There they live in complete retirement. Anyhow, wait till the Court season next January. Try and get on the Legation staff. A second secretary is somebody."

We visited Vienna, and spent a day at Schönbrunn. A young officer with whom we got into conversation at this charming palace, and who dined with us in the evening at the celebrated *Ronnacher's*, had the honor of being acquainted with the Starnberg family, and when he announced that the young Countess Katrinka was engaged to the Grand Duke of some place with a yard-long name, I thought poor Marshal Lester would have fainted.

He actually drooped from that hour—became silent, moody and morose, and I was glad when we struck Havre and the good ship *St. Laurent* on our return trip.

On board was Mr. Dysart, the banker, of Wall Street, a very agreeable gentleman, and the only American on board with ourselves. His family, consisting of his wife, a son and daughter accompanied him.

Miss Dysart did not show until the third day, as the weather had been a little disagreeable and miserably cold.

"Might I ask you to spread this rug on that deck chair," said Mr. Dysart, handing Lester, who stood near, a genuine Culloden plaidie.

Lester, with bad grace enough, flung it over the chair, and was about moving forward when Mr. Dysart and daughter barred his passage.

"Good heaven!"

This exclamation came from my companion as he recoiled against the bulwarks.

"Are you unwell, Marshal?" I anxiously inquired.

I followed his gaze.

There, right in front of us, leaning on Mr. Dysart's arm, and blushing a rosy-red, stood the Countess of Starnberg, or, rather, Miss Florence Dysart.

She had been on a visit with the Starnbergs. The other girl was the countess. I am to be Marshal Lester's best man.

CONDITION OF THE PRESIDENT.

DURING the past week the condition of the President has so far improved as to justify the hope of his ultimate recovery. The favorable change has not been confined to the wound and the serious effects that resulted from it, and which, in their violence, became more threatening than the wound itself, but is apparent in certain general conditions which show that the work of repair has already made considerable progress. The parotid abscess has yielded to treatment, the appetite of the patient is strengthened and the healthy action of the digestive organs is made apparent by his improved physical and mental condition. On Friday last the President began to exhibit signs of increased bodily strength, and discussed with one of the surgeons the various features of the proposition to remove him from the White House, and, subsequently with Mrs. Garfield, arranged the en-

the programme as to where he would be taken, the route and method of travel, and named those who should accompany him.

The result of this conference with the President is that he will probably be taken to Long Branch for a short sojourn, preparatory to being removed to his own farm at Mentor. It is expected that the journey will be made by rail, in a car especially fitted up for the purpose. Of course there may be a relapse that will make removal impossible, but it is felt to be of the first importance to get the sufferer away from the influences of the September malaria in Washington, and no more ordinary risk will prevent the transfer to some other locality.

One of the early signs of the improvement of the President during the early part of last week was his protest to Mrs. Agnew and Hamilton against what he calls "spoon victuals." Greatly to his satisfaction, they expressed their willingness that he should be allowed to select his own "victuals" in future, and he was asked what he would like. He immediately asked for a beefsteak for breakfast, and Mrs. Garfield broiled a small piece of tenderloin for him, which he chewed with evident relish. He then proceeded to tell Dr. Bliss that he wanted some Spring chicken broth for dinner, but he wanted to be permitted to eat in his own way, and not to have it doled out to him by the spoonful. He said he would also like some oyster soup and some milk toast, with pickled-up codfish. The doctor promised that he should be gratified, and later in the day he was served with a plate of chicken-soup from the family table, and enjoyed it. He has continued to take his regular rations of milk porridge and beef tea, with other stimulating food. His food is generally prepared by Mrs. Garfield. We give an illustration of this housewifely act from a sketch by a staff artist.

The daily routine in and about the White House remains substantially unchanged, and is thus described by a correspondent of the *World*: "Outside the gate a soldier paces up and down a straight line from the gate to the curbing. Inside the gate stands a policeman whose duty it is to inspect the passes of those entering the gate. On the lawn to the left of the drive the tents of the military detailed to guard the White House were pitched. They have been removed to the rear yard of the mansion, 200 yards beyond the crown of the slope that begins on a line with the house itself and rises gradually back, finally receding into the Potomac marshes where the tall reeds grow and malaria is bred by the hot sun.

"In the White House portico a crowd can generally be found. Within the doors two attendants keep watch day and night. In the morning, just before the issuing of the first bulletin, the crowd gathers, numbering frequently as many as a hundred. They can go no further than the hall, all the doors beyond that being closed. Even persons having passes to Secretary Brown's room are not allowed to go up-stairs while the bulletins are being issued. The visitors are mostly members of the press, but a large number of messengers are sent from the various departments and from the business houses in the city. Others come to get for their own personal satisfaction the latest news about the patient.

"After the morning bulletin is issued Secretary Brown's rooms are opened to those having passes, and then the morning dressing of the President takes place. Then the family and the attendants breakfast. As the time approaches for issuing the noon bulletin, one or two members of the Cabinet generally come in and go up-stairs by the private way. Secretary Lincoln is generally on hand at this hour, and on days when exciting news is expected all the Cabinet members come in. The bulletin is issued, the crowd disperses and Secretary Brown's room is again opened. The newspaper men hang listlessly around the portico, and wait for the physicians to emerge. The afternoon wears away, and the visitors come in slowly until about half-past five o'clock, when the crowd again assembles in Secretary Brown's room. The physicians come in for their evening consultation and the bulletin is issued. Then a physician or an attendant visits Secretary Brown's room, and the sick-room story is told.

"After the evening dressing has been made and Dr. Bliss has given the President his sponge-bath, the patient generally dozes. Mrs. Garfield sits by the bed. At nine o'clock Secretary Blaine arrives, and gets the data for his cable dispatch to Minister Lowell. The other Cabinet members arrive earlier with their wives. At half-past nine Secretary Brown closes his quarters, and his visitors depart. The Cabinet members remain later, not unfrequently until eleven o'clock. When they have gone the White House is closed, although there is always a doorkeeper at the front door. Then General Swain, or Colonel Rockwell, or Dr. Reburn, or Dr. Byrington, takes his turn at watching with the President."

TRAINING AND RACING HOMING PIGEONS.

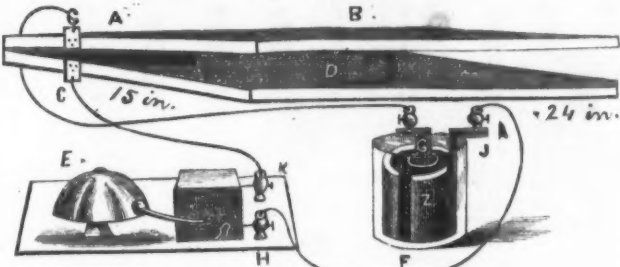
THE homing-pigeon is in a fair way of becoming a very prominent bird. A sort of super-marine telegraph destined to bear messages to land from ships at sea—ay, and at the rate of some sixty miles an hour! It is also destined to afford a new field to the operations of the betting man, since the favorite in a pigeon race can be backed to any amount, as the favorite at Jerome Park or Sheepshead Bay. It is somewhat hard upon the pigeon that the more domestic he is the more he is compelled to travel, his very domesticity rendering him a fitting subject for those whose interest it is to gain by his superior intelligence. The homing pigeon is what is technically termed a Belgian "make-up." He is of no particular breed, but Belgian blood is considered valuable, since it is in that country that carrier pigeons are most utilized. A train last week set out from Brussels whose only freight consisted of young



THE ALARM WHISTLE.

homing-pigeons about to take their first five miles' flight. There were 136,000 birds in the car, 10,000 of which took to roving for they never returned to their domestic roof. The carrier pigeon of the past is defunct, exploded, and his descendants are merged into the common rank. The homing-pigeon has started, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the "carrier," and great things are expected of his intelligence. He is carefully fed on corn, wheat and peas, and at six weeks' old his training either as a telegraphist or a racer commences. He is taken five miles and then let loose; five minutes may bring him back to his loft. The next day he is tested at ten miles, and thus until he reaches 150 or 170 miles. Thus the Hudson County Club, on Septem-

ber 25th, starts a race of pigeons from Wilmington, Del.—distant 105 miles; on October 2d from Havre de Grace, Md., 135 miles; and October 9th from Baltimore, 170 miles; while the New York Club, on September 11th, starts a race from Harrisburg, Pa., 104 miles; on the 18th from Pine Grove, 130 miles; and on the 25th from Newport, 160 miles. There have been some marvelously quick flights recorded. From St. Denis to Cologne, 250 miles, was flown in 6 hours 13 minutes. The birds were loosed at 4:45 A. M., and at noon thirty-one were at home. Wind and weather have to be taken into consideration, fog being especially adverse to successful flights. Belgium records some remarkable home comings during the month of July last: From Vierzion to Brussels, 250 miles, 1,150 pigeons were loosed at 7 A. M. The first returned at 3:30 P. M.; the 196th prize won at 3:39 P. M. From Limoges to Brussels, about 372 miles, of the 1,063 birds loosed at 4 A. M., 100 were home the same day. The first prize was won with an average speed of 1,020 yards per minute. Seven hundred and five birds owned in Louvain and vicinity, about 375 miles, were loosed from the same place at 7 A. M. The first prize was won with an average speed of 1,026 yards per minute. The race of the season to date was from Bilbao, on the northern coast of Spain, some distance, 670 miles, engaging, 380 birds. Loosed at 8 A. M., the first prize was won at 10:30 A. M., July 3d; the 380th and last at 5:48 P. M. Fifty-one were



SIGNAL ATTACHMENT FOR HOMING-TRAP.

home before the close of the second day. By the rules of the race, the prize was for the best average speed, and the time of flying was counted as from 3 A. M. to 9 P. M., making the time of the first prize-winner 21½ hours, and its average speed 886½ yards per minute. August 5th was the race from Lisbon, Portugal. June 26th, 754 birds were loosed in Tours, at 4:20 A. M., for Antwerp, about 310 miles. The first return was at 1:07 P. M., and the 148th prize was won at 2:05 P. M. From London to Brussels, 200 miles, 260 birds loosed at 8:45 A. M., July 17th. The first prize won at 2 P. M.; twenty prizes won by 2:30 P. M. Wind was west, favoring the birds. From Toulouse to Brussels, 515 miles, 1,841 entries, from every part of Belgium. Value of the prizes offered, over \$7,000. Birds were loosed at 5 A. M., July 23d, wind west, favoring Liege and Verviers. The first return was to Liege at 6:42 P. M., and to Verviers at 6:44 P. M. Forty-one birds returned the day of loosing.

There are two companies in New Orleans who trade on the Gulf of Mexico. One of them possesses a telegraph station; the other uses homing-pigeons, carrying them out to sea in the steamers. The latter company invariably get ahead of the former, and news is received some hours earlier by pigeon than by telegraph. The average rate of flight may be put down at forty miles an hour. To amorous swains or gushing Dulcineas who travel by ocean steamers, the homing-pigeon will, indeed, prove a messenger of love, for the process of sending a long, last, lingering word by the sturdy, unromantic pilot will be done away with, and fluttering birds substituted. *Faterfamilias*, too, can write three hundred miles at sea, while in the matters of wreckage or disaster the advantages will be obvious.

The message is written on thin paper, folded lengthwise, about two inches by half an inch, and is tied to two feathers of the tail, along the feathers—two being considered advisable, as one is liable to be plucked out.

In racing, the homing-pigeon is likely to come to the front, for this is an era of gambling, and the subject, "why not 'loft'?"

In connection with our illustrations of this subject, we show the signal attachment for the homing-trap, which may be thus described: A B, are boards fifteen inches wide and two feet long, hinged together at A and B, like the cover of a book; at C are two strips of sheet brass, one inch wide, and fastened to each board—in length, one-half of A. B. At D there is a piece of clock-spring, which holds the lids apart about one and a half inches. This is the platform upon which the homing lights, and has to be so adjusted that his weight will make the two strips of brass touch and form the electric connection which rings the bell, which may be placed in the dwelling with the battery. This platform is to be placed inside of the bolting wires or traps. The battery consists of a containing-vessel of glass. Within this there is a cup of unglazed porcelain, containing a piece of carbon (G). Connecting by a short piece of insulated wire one of the screw cups (H) of the bell with the zinc screw cup (J); also, the screw cup of the carbon (G) with any one of the strips of brass on the platform at C, by a wire, and the other screw (K) with the other brass strip at C, and every time C and G touch the bell will ring. These two long wires may be one mile in length, if necessary.

In China whistles of light bamboo are attached to homing-pigeons. These, by the flight of the bird, are exposed to a strong blast of air, producing a loud, shrill whistle, which frightens the birds of prey. They are light, and fastened above the tail by tapes about the wings.

GUITEAU'S PRISON.

WHENEVER President Garfield has suffered a relapse there has been, naturally, more or less excitement concerning the security of Guiteau from mob violence. During the momentous 27th day of August, when those lost hope who had been the most sanguine of recovery, various rumors reached Washington from different parts of the country to the effect that if the President died gangs of men would make their appearance in Washington, storm the jail and lynch the assassin. The prevalence of these rumors led to a desire to know definitely what precautions had been taken to protect the jail in the event of the riotous assault, and full answers to the reporters' questions were made by the warden of the jail and General Sherman.

The building in which Guiteau is confined is a comparatively new one, and as it belongs to the General Government it will be protected, if necessary, by troops in the regular army. General Sherman says the jail is very strong and is already well-guarded. Ample preparations have been made to resist any attack, the character of which may be imagined from a statement of General Sherman: "God grant that we may not be compelled to resort to force, and I do not think we shall have to; but the majesty of the law must be upheld, and Guiteau, although his life is not worth that of a dog, must be held safe until he can be brought to trial and executed by the process of law. My men will have their orders, and will execute them if commanded to do so. The result will be that fifty or one hundred poor fellows may be in the position that President Garfield is in to-day; but we cannot allow such a stain on our escutcheon by

permitting Guiteau to be taken out of the hands of the authorities." It is believed that there is a large force of marines stationed near the jail, and that fifteen Gatling guns can be brought to bear upon any suspicious or riotous crowd in the neighborhood within five minutes.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A Rendezvous of Emperors.

The Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria will shortly meet again at Gastein, and possibly the King of Italy will join them. Gastein and other continental watering-places have of late years been the scenes of momentous moves on the European chess-board. At Plombières, Napoleon III. made that secret bargain with Count Cavour which resulted in the regeneration of Italy. Ems, in July, 1870, witnessed the famous meeting of King William of Prussia and Benedetti, when the latter, on behalf of France, demanded a guarantee that Prussia would not countenance the pretensions of the Prince of Hohenzollern to the Spanish crown, and when the King abruptly told Benedetti that he had no reply to make, and that he need not refer to the subject again.

In 1872, Gastein saw the birth of the Kaiserbund, and the alliance between the Emperors of Germany, Austria and Russia, which resulted in the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire.

Whitland Bay, Land's End.

This place, near the western extremity of Cornwall, was chosen for the landing-point and terminus of the new submarine telegraph cable across the Atlantic. The cable was successfully landed on July 21st by the Telegraph Construction Company's steamer *Paradise*, on the shore of the bay. It is adjoining the hamlet of Seaside, and within sight of the Scilly Isles in clear weather. There are some historical associations belonging to it; for King Athelstan came here, after subduing the Cornish people, and crossed over to the islands with his fighting men; King Stephen arrived here from Brittany, and it is said that King John, when he returned from Ireland, disembarked at this place. The Pretender, Perkin Warbeck, in Henry VII.'s reign, also landed at Whitland Bay.

Hiring Italian Immigrants in New South Wales.

The unfortunate members of the Italian community, who found starvation and suffering, instead of comfort and plenty, in New Ireland, and had to seek refuge in New South Wales from the dangers which surrounded them in the so-called land of promise, have nearly all succeeded in obtaining employment, and, in one or two instances, at least, the fair, bright-eyed representatives of beautiful Italia have found husbands as well as homes among their country people in Sydney. Our artist has represented the scene at the Agricultural Hall at Sydney on the first day of hiring, when the crowd of fugitives appeared attired, not in the picturesque costume with which artists and poets have made us familiar, but in the warm and comfortable attire with which they had been provided by the generosity of the Government and the public.

The Electric Exhibition in Paris.

The International Exhibition of Electricity in the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, is now in full working order. The building presents a spectacle of a description of which would seem almost incredible to those who have not followed closely the recent history of the development and application of electricity. Almost every country of the civilized world is represented, though it was to be expected that France and the United States would take the lead both in the number and in the importance of their exhibits. Besides reading-rooms, a library and an art gallery, and all the features of an ordinary exhibition building, there are telephonic bouoires connected with the Opera and the Comédie Française, while a Siemens electric railway runs to the Palace from the Place de la Concorde, and in the galleries is the miniature postal railroad which, it is expected, will supersede pneumatic tubes for purposes of intramural communication. Doubtless the Edison exhibit will be, taken altogether, the most remarkable in the exhibition. Over 250 boxes of electrical machinery were shipped by the versatile young American inventor.

Charge of French Marines on Gabes, Tunis.

Various accounts from Tunis show that the area of the disturbance is constantly increasing, and reaches from the frontier of Morocco to the extremity of Tunis. A great concentration of Arabs is proceeding to defend Kairouan. The Tunisian correspondent of the *Republique Française*, of Paris, quotes and indorses the opinion of General Lozerot that the French will be unable to go to Kairouan without 10,000 men and artillery. Kairouan is the religious capital of the regency of Tunis. It stands on a sandy desert plain, about eighty miles southeast of the City of Tunis. It has a large citadel, magnificent mosques and some leather factories. In the eighth and ninth centuries Kairouan was the capital of the Arab dominions in Africa. The French appear to have met with a check in their forward movement, as little has been gained since the capture of Sfax, which costs more to hold than it is worth, and that of Gabes, where the marines from the fleet greatly distinguished themselves.

Taking Toll on a Canal in Holland.

Whoever has not traveled in a *trekschuyt*, or passenger canal-boat, does not know the most original and most poetic side of Dutch life. The illustration shows one of these boats passing through a drawbridge on the canal, apparently at the entrance to some river or inland port, where vessels with masts and rigging lie beside the wharves. The man who keeps the drawbridge has swung it aside to let the boat go past, but stands ready to take the small piece of money expected for his toll; and in order to receive this, it will be observed with some amusement, he has contrived an odd sort of pouch, simply an old shoe, hanging by a string from the stick which he holds in his hand. An English tourist watches this procedure from the road above, while two or three country people are quietly waiting till they can walk over the drawbridge. The quaint but handsome decoration of the house behind, and the trees on the quay or bank of the canal, add to the pleasing effect of this little scene in Holland.

The Czar's Trip to Moscow.

By all accounts the reception of the Czar and the Imperial family in Moscow, the ancient capital of Russia, was a most enthusiastic affair. The popular wave moved to the Church of Our Lady of Iversky, where the Czar was taken to kiss the miraculous image, then to the Kremlin, the residence of his forefathers, and then to the famous Assumption Cathedral, where from the earliest times till now the Czars are anointed. All that day the crowd stood round the palace where the family had taken up their abode, cheering enthusiastically whenever the Czar showed himself at the window. When

breakfast was going on, for a time there was a lull, a silence as of a church; but when that was over the hurrahing began again, and was kept up at intervals all day. When the Emperor drove to the review the police were in a trice left in the rear of the crowd, which thronged every street. The city's joy and gratitude were expressed by the Governor-General, Prince Dolgorouky, the Mayor, Treiakoff, and the Metropolitan, Makary. The new Czar himself was affected by the general enthusiasm, and Moscow is proud of having heard his first speech. Our illustration gives a view of the Kremlin with the new palace where the Czar stopped.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE cotton crop, it is reported, will be below the average.

—THE British Government is permanently reducing the garrison forces in Canada.

—CALIFORNIA is the favorite State of Italian immigrants, being a nice country with a mild climate recalling that of Italy.

—AT Algoa Bay, Cape Colony, the Union mail steamer *Toutou* has been wrecked and 173 persons out of 200 on board drowned.

—DURING the month of August 33,840 immigrants were landed at Castle Garden, being an increase of 8,519 over the arrivals of August, 1880.

—THERE is talk of reviving, at the French Ecole des Beaux Arts, the annual competition for historical landscape, which was abolished in 1863.

—A NEW journal, founded by M. Gambetta, and significantly entitled *La Revision*, will make its appearance in Paris on September 15th, as the mouthpiece of the Revisionists.

—THE insurance agents in Chicago are taking steps to secure a larger water supply and a more efficient fire department. In case of failure rates will be raised 50 per cent.

—FIFTY thousand dollars worth of wheat has been harvested this year on the 6,000-acre farm of John B. Raymond, near Fargo, Dakota. The original cost of the farm was \$45,000.

—A SPECIAL envoy of President Barros and the Republic of Guatemala to convey to Washington a message of sympathy and condolence to President Garfield arrived at San Francisco last week.

—COMPETENT authorities think the crops of France will fall short of the requirement for home consumption, and that the deficiency will have to be made up by imports from America, thus implying a continuance of the gold drain to America.

—NEVADA's finances are in a bad condition. Her taxes are said to be increasing, while the assigned value of property diminishes. She finds it hard to pay current expenses, and has a funded debt of \$557,017, on which she must pay 9½ per cent. interest.

—SEVERAL thousand acres of valuable timberland and hundreds of acres of cranberry bogs in Ocean and Atlantic Counties, New Jersey, have been destroyed by forest fires during the past fortnight. The people fought the flames for days without success.

—THE capacity of the steel works of the world is estimated at about 5,000,000 tons a year. The Bessemer Works in England contribute about 800,000 tons, the United States 750,000 tons more. Germany about 500,000, France about 275,000, Belgium 150,000, Austria 250,000, and Russia and Sweden about 150,000.

—ONE of the features of the New Jersey Agricultural Fair, to be held at Waverly during the week commencing September 19th, will be a series of bicycle races. There will also be archery and lawn tennis tournaments. It is expected that the display in the several departments of the exhibition will be very fine, especially that of blooded cattle.

—MANY of the recent emigrants from Germany are young men under eighteen, who thus escape the long and burdensome military service. Were they to remain after reaching their eighteenth year, their emigration would not be permitted. Bismarck is reported not to like their departure at all. He is alarmed to find his stock of food for powder rapidly diminishing.

—MR. JOHN W. GARRETT, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, proposes to present the City of Baltimore with a bronze fountain, to cost at least \$20,000. The fountain is being designed in Paris, and the artist has been instructed to make it the handsomest in the United States. It will be erected in Mount Vernon Place, near Washington's monument, and near Mr. Garrett's mansion.

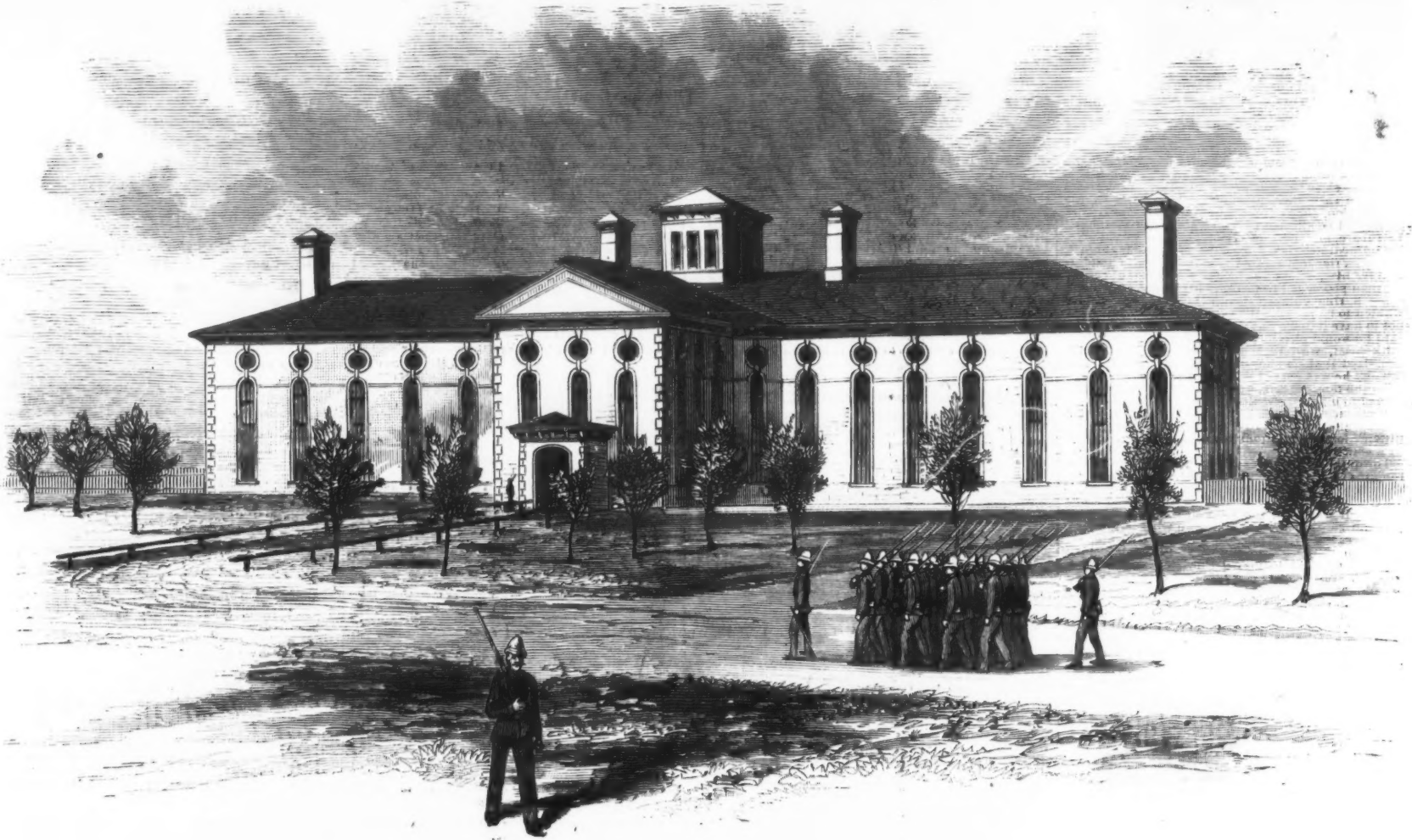
—THE Mohammedans of Meerut have formed an association having for its object the establishment of schools for boys and the organization of a body of teachers for the instruction of adults. Meerut is an important Mohammedan centre, and it is to be hoped that the example thus set may lead other districts to make some effort to raise the moral and social condition of the Mohammedans.

—AN important series of excavations has been carried on at late at the spot where the capital of the Dacian Kingdom and of the Roman province of Dacia once stood. The remains of a Mithras temple have been unearthed, together with several inscriptions bearing on the Mithras cult, and a collection of Mithras sculpture. The marble of the sculpture was evidently taken from the quarries of the valley of Bistria, near Bukovar.

—HOR-GROWING is attaining important dimensions on the Pacific Coast. California is especially adapted for this species of agricultural enterprise, the dry Summers guarding against some of the most serious dangers, to which hop-culture is exposed. Oregon and Washington Territory, where there is usually a large rainfall, are producing constantly larger crops. Last year 1,700 pounds per acre was grown in Mendocino County, Cal. The Golden State raises over half the quantity produced on the Pacific Coast.

—THE *Golos*, of St. Petersburg, was recently suspended for six months in consequence of too free criticism of the Government; but the cunning editor had previously taken the precaution to secure the necessary permission to establish a new daily political newspaper, and two days after the *Golos* ceased its appearance the *New Gazette* came out identical in every respect, save name, with the suppressed journal, and even issued from the same office. With similar shrewdness Alphonse Karr, when his paper, *Le Guepe*, was suppressed, continued to publish it without any title at all.

—THE hurricane which struck the South Carolina coast on the 27th ult. was one of the most disastrous which has ever visited that region. At Savannah it was especially severe, the damage to property being estimated at \$1,000,000, while the loss of life was very great. Between forty and fifty bodies of negroes have been recovered from swamped rice plantations. Vessels lying at the port suffered considerable damage, while wharves and other property were badly wrecked. In all directions the beautiful, luxuriant shade trees were destroyed. Hundreds of plantations were partially flooded, and the rice especially suffered.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE DISTRICT JAIL WHERE GITEAU IS CONFINED.



A CROWD AWAITING THE POSTING OF THE MORNING BULLETIN AT THE GATES OF THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.



VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF NEW LONDON, FROM GORTON HEIGHTS.



THE ASSASSINATION OF COLONEL LEDYARD AFTER THE SURRENDER.



THE OLD BAILEY HOUSE AT GORTON.



HOUSE IN WHICH THE WOUNDED WERE CARED FOR.



FORT TRUMBULL.

CONNECTICUT.—CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE MASSACRE AT FORT GRISWOLD, NEW LONDON, SEPTEMBER 6TH-7TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 43.

FORT GRISWOLD, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1781.

[The centennial anniversary of the assault and massacre at Fort Griswold, and the burning of New London by the British, was celebrated at that town on the 6th instant.]

"This just a hundred years, my child, since first the morning sun shone on the distant mountain peaks and lit them one by one—
Shone on the rippling water and the quiet little town
That lay nestled in the shadow of those mountains grim and brown.

Oh, the horrors that lay crowded, 'tween the rising of that sun
And the setting in the west when the awful day was done;
If our years of life were numbered by the sorrows that we meet,
The billows of a century, then, had rolled beneath our feet.

Yes, the sky was red at evening where the flames had mounted high,
As they cast their blazing brightness against the lurid sky;
And where happy homes had stood, smoldering ashes now were lying,
And the air was heavy-laden with the sad cries of the dying.

Oh, his work he well had finished—he whose name to-day and then
Stood, for infamy and shame, loathed, despised, by loyal men—
He, who dwelt among the shadows of a nation's scorn and hate,
Traitor to his country's cause, assassin to his mother State.

But over on the other side old Fort Griswold bravely stood,
Hurling down defiance on the foe—dauntless and grim of mood;
And New London, anxious, waited in her clouds of flame and smoke,
And among the rocky crags the distant battle echoes woke.

Now the British column wavers—just a moment—then again
Onward presses up the hill, facing the battle's fiery rain;
And the fort—the fort is taken! Come, listen how 'tis said,
The brave commander met them, stern and with uncovered head.

When the British colonel asked, as o'er the fort his column poured:
"Who commands here?" this brave captain answered, handing him his sword—
Answered proudly, too, with a hero's uplifted, fearless brow:
"I held that honor once, sir, but you possess the honor now."

Oh, where was British chivalry and the boasted British pride?
His own sword's point was at his breast—Ledyard as a martyr died—
Died as others died that day. No, my child, 'twas no surrender,
But a massacre that ended with the night of that September.

Oh, woe and sorrow, grief and tears! do you know when women came
To search among the bloody heaps, and to find the loved ones slain,
They brought water from the springs, and washed the crimson stains away
Ere affection's eye could see—could recognize the bleeding clay?

Gray-haired men knelt over sons, mothers brushed damp locks away;
White lips close to white lips pressing, sobbing when they tried to pray.
Hush! they brought my father home; but my mother, in her pain,
Only clasped me closer to her, and—she never smiled again.

Child, 'tis over. Dry your eyes. I'm old and feeble, and you know
People will not think or mind—'twas a hundred years ago;
And to-morrow they remember, let them march with martial tread—
One old woman sits alone—she will think upon the dead.

MARIE A. BILLINGS.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

THE General was beside himself with passion. The discretion which had prompted him to select the empty compartment had deserted him. He hurried his anathemas through the open windows, regardless of possible listening ears beyond the slight wooden partition. He grew more violent, more arrogant and insulting at each sentence. Threats and wild, passionate abuse were heaped up. He said things which no lover could brook, no gentleman tolerate; and then the young fellow lost temper in his turn.

The train stopped for a brief interval at Woodford, the last halting-place on the rapid journey. Just as it started again, the occupant of the carriage next to that in which the fray had taken place was nearly knocked off his seat next the door by the hasty advent of a young gentleman, who, with a curt apology, threw himself down in the opposite corner, and sat there, white and panting, in an agitation sufficiently evident to the curious eyes which regarded him keenly—so keenly that the young fellow, annoyed, turned his back upon them, and looked steadily out of the window.

The train was speeding on past the bare poles of the Kentish hop-gardens, making up for lost time at the rate of fifty miles an hour. Midway between two little country stations a gang of plate-layers were busy repairing the line. Their foreman, misunderstanding his signals or neglecting to look for them, concluded that the boat express had passed in the usual course, and proceeded to tear up the

rails at a certain spot for a trifling job with which to finish his afternoon's work.

"Lordsakes!" exclaimed a laborer, suddenly, "what's that?"

The sun was in the foreman's eyes; he put up his hand to shade them as he looked down the road. A thin, black line was gliding round a wooded curve scarcely three hundred yards off. The man stared at the line for a second, his eyeballs starting out of his head, his ruddy color changing to ashen gray. Then he flung up his arms, and dashed down the way like a madman.

The engine-driver saw a wild, gesticulating figure apparently on the point of committing suicide, a group of workmen scrambling tumultuously up the bank; but before he had time to connect these appearances with an impending personal danger, his engine reared and plunged like a leviathan at play; then, casting off all control, the dangerous monster tore madly across the road, and precipitated itself down a steep incline, dragging in its train a hideous mass of ruin and of death.

The sunshine of the Spring afternoon and the calm repose of the country scene were at once blurred and broken up by terrible sights and sounds of human agony. Six or eight of the foremost carriages lay crushed into fragments on the top of the fallen engine, where it had crashed down among the young leaf-buds and the sweet Spring flowers of a patch of woodland. The overturned monster lay on its side, belching out hot clouds of steam and adding pain and horror to the scene. Two or three carriages hung where the coupling-irons had given way, on the verge of the green incline; two or three more stood uninjured on the line.

It was down below that the full force of the disaster concentrated itself. Thence arose groans and shrieks and all the wild confusion of such an agonizing panic. Remote as the spot was, help poured in quickly. The handful of workmen hurried down from the bank, laborers ran from the fields; a gentleman's carriage, passing through the country lanes, stopped and its occupants hastily got out, and a doctor on horseback galloped up, clearing hedges and ditches in his way. The few uninjured passengers gave their aid, whilst the guard ran back to the nearest station to telegraph for more efficient assistance and to provide against a second catastrophe on the torn-up line.

The work of clearing away the wreck and releasing the poor, crushed victims dead and dying beneath it was sickening enough. It was strangely incongruous, too, amidst such lovely peaceful surroundings. Here the dead body of a little child was lifted up from where it had been cast down upon a bed of violets; there the pale primroses were pressed by a ghastly burden; and farther on the white hair and stern dead features of an old man lay low amongst the fragrant blue-bells and delicate drooping wind flowers of the wood. A heavy mass of debris was piled upon the chest and lower limbs of this last, and the workman who tried to extricate them could not accomplish his task single-handed. He looked around for help. Above him, half-way down the bank, he saw a young man sitting motionless, with his head dropped forward on his hands. The workman called to him to come and help him. The young fellow stared at him for a moment with dazed uncomprehending eyes, then let his head fall forward again.

"He's gone silly!" the workman muttered. "I'll leave this one where he is, then. Poor old chap, it doesn't much matter; he's past my help!"

The man went off to those his services would benefit more, and the young fellow sat still on the bank.

Nearly an hour afterwards, when the worst of the ghastly work was over and a group had gathered round the rigid figure released at last from its durand, he was standing up in his place and looking down upon them. Some of the men remembered afterwards how he presently walked into their midst, gazed for a moment on the still face of the dead man, and then turned away with a strange, wistful look, without a word. One of the surgeons met him afterwards wandering along the wreck-strewn path, and, after one look into his face, took him by the arm and guided him to the door of the village inn, which had already received several of the sufferers.

"I advise you to rest here as quietly as you can," he said. "I am afraid the place is rather crowded; but they may be able to give you a room. I will speak to the landlady."

"Thank you," the other answered, putting his hand to his head and looking back in the direction from which he had come. "But—my father! Did some one tell me he was—dead?"

"No, no," the surgeon answered, soothingly. "Come in and rest, and I will inquire. Let me see; what is the name?"

A wounded man was borne by on a shutter at that moment. He half-raised himself and stretched out his hand.

"Mr. Mervyn! Is the General safe?"

"General Mervyn—that is the name!" the young man exclaimed, with a sudden flash of intelligence. "I must go back and look for him."

He had not far to look. A solemn procession was winding up the village lane on its way to the improvised mortuary in the church. Foremost in the ranks, leading the way in death as he had done in life, was borne all that was left of the old General. "A dead lion," as one of the men had said, seeing how the stern, haughty lineaments, undisturbed by the instantaneous summons, were set in an iron inflexibility, unconquered even by death.

A dark-red flush, fading instantly to a ghastly whiteness, crossed young Mervyn's face as he recognized the dead man; he took a step forward, wavered uncertainly, and then, ere the surgeon could support him, he fell forward on his face, insensible.

"Take him to my house—to the Priory," directed a voice close at hand, as the surgeon bent over him; and the sad procession moved on.

"I am glad of that, Sir James," the medical man said, in a relieved tone. "This is a case for quiet and good nursing—shock to the brain—possibly some injury. And the inn is noisy and overcrowded already."

"We will take good care of him, Mr. Cooper," Sir James answered. And the surgeon knew he would be as good as his word.

It was late before the living were all cared for, and before time could be spared for the dead. The surgeons and officials passed down the rows of still forms laid on the floor of the church, searching for proofs of identity, noting cause of death, and other things.

"I know this name," Mr. Cooper said, when they came to the body of General Mervyn. "The son lies at Sir James's; the man-servant is at one of the cottages. Mr. Mervyn will not be in a state to give any instructions for some time. We had better take possession of money or papers."

He stooped to unfasten the dead man's great-coat, then stared, rubbed his hand in his hair, and beckoned to one of his colleagues. The latter bent down, examined the corpse, exchanged an astonished word or two with his brother-surgeon, then rose and turned to the rest.

"There has been some strange work here!" he said. "This gentleman was not killed by the accident! He has died by—by— In fact, he has been murdered! We find him stabbed to the heart by some sharp instrument!"

CHAPTER III.

AT the time of the railway-accident—happening almost at its gates—Woodford Priory, the seat of Sir James Armstrong, was filled with Easter guests, come to snatch a little rest and breathing-time ere the full rush of the London season swallowed them up again. To this circle the sick-room in their midst was a centre of attraction, not only from natural sympathy and the interest of a terrible event which had happened under their very eyes, but also because of a whisper, more sensational than the most exciting novel of the season, enveloping the still unconscious occupant of that sick-chamber in an atmosphere of mystery and gloom which Feena Armstrong—generally the speaker on all occasions—declared to be quite in keeping with the traditions of the place.

"Our ghosts and spectral warnings have all vanished before the matter-of-fact spirit of the nineteenth century," she said; "but that west wing"—to which, for greater quiet, the invalid had been relegated—"is haunted all the same, and always will be. Sir Godfrey doesn't walk in the pleasure any longer with his head under his arm, but his unavenged spirit lurks somewhere about, ready to work ill to any mortal rash enough to intrude on his domain. My heart misgave me when the poor fellow was carried there. I thought mischief would come of it."

"Hush, Feena!" Lady Armstrong called to her daughter. "Here is your father; you know he will not like joking on that subject."

"Joking, mamma! As if I were not perfectly, gravely serious! Papa," jumping up to meet her father and coming back leaning on his arm, "what is the news? Have they made any fresh discovery? Have they given a verdict?"

"Idiot!" answered her father. "They are making a horrible mess of it." Then he held out his hand for the cup of tea his eldest daughter, Janet, had poured out for him and remained moodily silent, to Feena's great disappointment.

Sir James Armstrong looked cross and worried. He had come from attending the inquest held on the body of General Mervyn. General Mervyn's son was the bosom-friend and favorite "chum" of a certain Geordie Armstrong, the idol of the Woodford household, and Geordie had telegraphed from Aldershot:

"Glad to see from papers that Mervyn is at the Priory. The best fellow in the world. Take care of him and stick to him for my sake. Will come down as soon as I can get leave."

After this message from his only son and heir, Sir James had heard evidence given at the inquest which had startled and unhinged him horribly. He did not believe its inference; but then the jury might; and, to an impartial mind, the revelations were, to say the least of them, dubious.

A traveler who had been staying since the accident at the village inn, but who had now almost entirely recovered from the slight injuries he had sustained, stated that he had occupied the carriage next to that in which the deceased gentleman had traveled. He had seen him enter it with a younger gentleman when the express train stopped at Eppingford Junction. He had since seen the dead body of the General, and knew him to be the same person whom he had previously seen as he had stated. Almost immediately after leaving Eppingford his attention had been attracted by loud angry conversation in the next carriage. The windows being open, he could even hear what was said. There were threats, violent reproaches, violent language altogether. He heard the speaker threaten to disinherit his companion—his son, as it was evident from what passed—if he persisted in an engagement of which the father strongly disapproved. He said he would cut him off with a shilling—that he would do it at once—that very night.

After this the witness said that he drew up his window, not wishing to play the part of eavesdropper intentionally; but he could still hear loud and excited voices—two instead of one then. The dispute appeared to be a very violent one.

"Did this continue up to the moment of the accident?" he was asked.

"No; at Woodford Station, where the train

stopped last, the noise next door to me stopped. A gentleman suddenly pulled open the door of the carriage in which I was seated, jumped in, and threw himself down opposite to me. He was a young man, fair, and looked like an officer. He was the same young gentleman whom I had seen at Eppingford with General Mervyn. I saw him get into the carriage next to mine with the General."

"When he joined you at Woodford Station, did he look as he had looked when you first saw him at Eppingford?"

"No. He was pleasant-looking the first time; I remember thinking what a handsome, bright young fellow he was, and wondering if they—the old gentleman and he—were father and son. I took particular notice of them both. I don't know why—I suppose because I had nothing else to do but to look out of the window. And I was surprised to see so many passengers get into the boat-train at Eppingford. I heard afterwards that the slow train had been delayed by our accident at Folkestone, and that we were taking on some of its passengers. I suppose the old gentleman was one of these. I knew the young one was not; I had seen him on board the boat. When he dashed into my carriage in that sudden way at Woodford, he was quite white—with passion, as it seemed to me. He was panting for breath, and his eyes were flashing. You could see in a moment that he had had an upset with some one. He stumbled over my feet as he came in—I had not had time to draw them up out of his way—and he begged my pardon, short and sharp, before he threw himself down. Then he turned away his face and looked out of the window; but I could see his hand clinching and unclenching as he sat. Then came the accident. Our carriage was the one which stood still on the top of the incline. We got a tremendous shake; the door flew open, and I was pitched out and down the bank. I don't know what became of the young gentleman."

"After he entered your carriage, did you still hear the loud voices in the next compartment?"

"No; all was perfectly silent there. We were quite quiet in our carriage, and I noticed the change—the ceasing of the voices—at once. They had been rather a nuisance before."

"You swear positively that the person who entered your carriage at Woodford was the same whom you had seen with General Mervyn at Eppingford—who entered the next carriage with him there?"

"Yes; I swear positively."

"You have no doubt about it?"

"Not the slightest. I remarked him particularly. He is like a friend of my own, and I noticed the likeness at the time. As I said before, I looked particularly at both the gentlemen."

"Did you see any one else get into the next carriage at Eppingford?"

"No, no one else."

"Or at Woodford?"

"No; but it might easily have happened without my seeing it. Woodford is a small station. I did not see any passengers on the platform. Still there might have been some. My attention was distracted just then."

The station-master at Eppingford also remembered seeing the deceased gentleman and another, a young, fair man, enter a first-class compartment together, and that there were no other passengers in the carriage with them. He had noticed the two gentlemen as the train left the platform. General Mervyn had been much annoyed at the delay to his train—the five minutes past four slow train from Stargate—in consequence of the boat-train being so late that day. The General had insisted on being transferred to the express when it came up, as he was afraid of missing his train on into Hertfordshire if he went by the slow train to London.

The General's servant, who was carried into the witness-box, corroborated both the last witnesses. His master had met Mr. Mervyn at Eppingford—Mr. Mervyn was in the express train. They had not met by appointment. The General had not intended to travel by that train. Mr. Mervyn had seen his father at Eppingford, and got out to speak to him. Afterwards the General and Mr. Mervyn traveled together in the same carriage. There was no one else in the carriage when he, the servant, put his master's rugs into it. The General was very angry about the delay at Eppingford and "blew up" in consequence. He did not see either the General or Mr. Mervyn after they left Eppingford until after the accident, when he saw Mr. Mervyn. He looked scared then. Did not think he looked worse than other people—everybody looked scared. Mr. Mervyn and the General had words sometimes; the General was rather hasty in temper. Did not think that the General and Mr. Mervyn had more words than fathers and sons in general—perhaps not so many.

The station-master and officials of Woodford could give no information whatever. There had been very few—not more than half a dozen—passengers descending from and joining the train at that station, and nothing had been remarked in connection with the deceased gentleman.

The man who first discovered the deceased lying dead beneath the shattered carriage said that he saw Mr. Mervyn sitting on the bank above the place where the body lay. He knew him to be Mr. Mervyn; he had afterwards heard the doctor and Sir James Armstrong call him by that name. When he first saw him, he was sitting on the bank above the place where the old gentleman lay. He sat with his head in his hands, and did not come to witness's assistance when he called him to help to lift the body. The witness thought the young man was dazed by the accident; he looked "just stupid-like." He could see his father from where he was sitting.

A railway-porter gave evidence as to the demeanor of young Mr. Mervyn in the presence

of his father's body. He walked up to it, looked at it in a strange "unfeeling" sort of way, and then turned away. He looked and behaved, in witness's opinion, "like a man who had something on his mind." He did not speak; he seemed only anxious to get away as quickly as possible. It might have been that the accident had made him "queer," and that he did not know what he was doing. Witness had been very much surprised afterwards to hear that he was the poor gentleman's son.

Another workman spoke of the agitation shown by the young gentleman when he met the body as it was being carried into the village. He fell down in a sort of faint, as if he could not bear the sight. The witness had been one of the bearers. He heard Mr. Cooper say that the young gentleman was the son of the old man. Witness did not know at that time that the old gentleman had been stabbed. He was one of those who had helped to lift the broken carriage from off him. He was quite dead at that time. The young gentleman sat on the bank and looked on whilst they were working to get his father out. He did not ask whether he was alive. He came and looked at him, but he was not at all "put out" then.

(To be continued.)

NEW LONDON'S CENTENNIAL.

COMMEMORATION OF A BURNING AND A MASSACRE.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the burning of New London, the Battle of Groton Heights and massacre in Fort Griswold, was celebrated on the 6th and 7th instants. The story of the assault and massacre, which took place September 6th, 1781, is so familiar that we content ourselves with giving the barest outline of the event. The assaulting columns were the Fortieth and Fifty-fourth British Regulars, commanded by Colonel Eyre and Major Montgomery in person. The defenders were one hundred and sixty of the farmers of the neighborhood, many of them youths and boys, commanded by Colonel William Ledyard, brother of the traveler. The fort was bravely defended, the British being often beaten back and losing both commanding officers and nearly a third of the attacking force. At length a few of the enemy succeeded in scaling the southwest angle, which, supposed to be impregnable, had been left undefended,

gross at its last session supplemented this by an appropriation of \$10,000—\$5,000 for the celebration and \$5,000 for needed repairs and improvements on the monument. This has all been wisely expended, besides quite a large sum raised by private subscription.

The celebration opened on the morning of the 6th with the firing of a salute by the naval vessels in the harbor and by Forts Griswold and Trumbull. During the forenoon there were military movements repeating the principal incidents of the assault and capture—three regiments making the attack on Griswold, and another regiment attacking Fort Trumbull and New London. In the afternoon there were addresses, etc., and on the 7th the programme included processions of the various brotherhoods, temperance societies and school children, with music and addresses under a pavilion on the heights.

"SCHOOL'S IN!"

FEW people are really aware of the magnitude of the system of public education in the City of New York. How many, for instance, know that five days out of seven, at precisely half-past eight in the morning, something over 115,000 boys and girls crowd the streets and avenues on their way to the several schools? At a quarter to nine this large number of children are assembled within the walls of the buildings; at nine they take their seats, and at the tap of a bell this great congregation listens to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, without comment, then chants the Lord's Prayer, or unites in singing a simple hymn, and at another tap of the bell separates into the several classes for the studies and recitations of the day.

The number of scholars in attendance on the opening day last year was 114,000; but the total is greater every succeeding Autumn, for the city gains two or three per cent. annually in population, and the increase, according to the best estimates, has been exceptionally large since last September. It is probable, therefore, that at least four or five thousand more children entered the schools on Monday, September 5th, than were crowded into them a year ago.

The Board of Education has very wisely provided two great adjuncts to the curriculum observed in all the schools—the fire march and the calisthenic exercises. From the youngest to the oldest each scholar is thoroughly trained to make his or her exit from the buildings, in the case of an emergency, in the quickest possible time, and without excitement or crowding. Happily, it is very seldom nowadays we hear of fatal panics in our public schools, and there have been cases wherein the teachers have been able to empty the entire building—often accommodating over two thousand

ment. His travels over the greater part of the globe had made him an intense lover of political freedom, which he put into action when, in 1823, the Greeks threw off the despotism of Turkish rule, and he heartily attached himself to Lord Byron when he threw his fame and fortune into the scale of their independence. Sixty years have rolled over Byron's grave, and Greece is now an independent kingdom in Europe, and the brave Cornishman has only just laid down the burden of life.

Ten years ago the late John Oxenford, just before his visit to this country, paid Mr. Trelawny a visit, having received a pressing invitation from him. It was to ask that accomplished journalist to undertake the editing of a volume of memorabilia of Byron and Shelley, he having found, a few days previously, some unpublished letters of those great poets. John Oxenford offered to undertake the task on his return from America, but, with the unreasoning impatience of old age, the contemporary of Byron and Shelley told him, with his characteristic brusquerie, that he ought to postpone his trip across the Atlantic till he had fulfilled the task.

"When you return I shall, most probably, be in my grave, and the work will want those suggestive touches which always arise while it is going through the press."

When Oxenford explained the imperative necessity of his American trip, he said:

"Well, go. You will never see the friend of Shelley and Byron again. Men of eighty can't wait." As he said this he left the room, and, after a vain attempt on the part of his guest to see him, Oxenford left the house, and went to a neighboring tavern to get a little refreshment, which he had expected to partake of in his old friend's cottage.

Alas! for the vanity of human hopes, the younger Trelawny has been six years in his grave in Kensal Green, while the angry old man has only just now been gathered to his fathers.

This little anecdote of Trelawny illustrates a leading trait in his character, which was an "out-spokenness," to use his own term, which led to many disagreements in his lifetime. He had a blunt habit of blurring out the truth, or, rather, what he thought, that justified Carlyle's remark of him:

"I have ever spoken the truth without regard to the dammy-pammy feelings of others; but Trelawny is a Diogenes who tramples upon my own carpet with greater pride."

Some have thought that he did it out of love of singularity, but they who knew him best attribute it to the irrefragable impulse of free speaking.

He was about the only one of Byron's friends who paid no homage to his rank as a man, or his eminence as a poet. The great claim that wayward lord had upon Trelawny's respect was his love of liberty, as shown by Byron's exertions in behalf of Greece. The plain-spoken Cornishman thought with Burns:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

He consequently sometimes gave offense to some of Lord Byron's friends, who paid too much deference to his nobility. Trelawny's brusquerie was sometimes shown in rather an amusing manner.

One day, while Byron was in Pisa, and was entertaining at dinner a few friends, consisting of Leigh Hunt (our informant), Shelley and Trelawny, the Countess Guiccioli was the only lady present, and she presided. During the repast Lord Byron was seized with one of those sudden attacks of colic, which, although they soon passed off, were very painful; and, with all his heroism, as a descendant of the warlike Norman barons, the great poet was a terrible coward in the face of pain, and was a most pious Christian when he was ill. When he first felt the attack, Byron started up from the table, and, tottering to a lounge, threw himself on it, and began a series of lamentations, garnished with: "Oh, my God! I am dying—I am dying! Will no one help me? Don't you see I am dying!" Trelawny, without moving from the table, cried out:

"My dear Byron, if you are dying, you need not make such a fuss about it. Don't you see you are spoiling our dinner!"

Byron was so much amused at his guest's coolness, and the tone of voice in which it was uttered, that it seemed to cure him, for he burst into a loud laugh, and, after a few minutes, resumed his place at the table.

Some forty years ago all London was roused to the highest state of indignation by a most atrocious murder. A man named Greenacre murdered a woman to whom he was engaged to be married, and, to conceal his crime, cut up the body into several portions, which he distributed impartially in different parts of the metropolis. As one part after another was discovered, a tornado of horror passed over the community. At the very climax of the public indignation, at a large party at Basil Montague's, when one and all were denouncing the atrocious criminal, Trelawny remarked, in an apologetic tone: "Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow. How could he help it when she would not get out of his way? Women are such obstinate creatures!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Two enormous Lamp Pedestals of blue and white porcelain, twenty-three feet high, have been made in Seto, in Onani, Japan, a place celebrated for its fine pottery.

A Lemon Flavor has been given to watermelons by making an incision in the vine a short distance from the root and attaching thereto a lemon, the juice of which is absorbed by the melons.

Notwithstanding the terrible power of the electric eel, equal to fifteen Leyden jars, there is a little parasite fish, two or three inches in length, that preys upon it, utterly oblivious of its shock.

A Convention has been concluded between Greece and France, subject to the confirmation of the French Chamber, by which France is authorized to explore and excavate the site of Delphi upon the same terms as the German excavations were carried out at Olympia.

Dr. Barthelmeis, of Nuremberg, makes the extraordinary announcement that recent analyses have discovered and scientifically determined the presence of coral formations in meteorites, and evidence, therefore, of animal vegetable life in other celestial bodies than our earth.

A Roumanian Engineer, Trajan Theodorosco by name, has invented a new description of torpedo or submarine boat, whose peculiarity is that it is capable of manœuvring under water at twelve hours on a stretch. It is able to act at depths of from one hundred feet in rivers to seven or eight hundred feet in the sea. It is able, through the agency of screws, to rise or sink noiselessly, and either suddenly or gradually by successive stages, and can move or manœuvre in any direction. The illumination of the vessel is internal, and enables the officers upon her to see for a distance of one hundred and thirty feet under water. Such are the advantages claimed for this boat.

The Success of the Australian colonies has been in measure due to the fact that the expense of the voyage precludes the advent of pauper emigrants. When a moneyless man goes he has been selected by the colony's agent in London, with regard to his physical capacities and character, and, although, of course, black sheep slip in, yet, on the whole, the emigrants are of a superior class, and unlikely to swell the ranks of the paupers. Hence the standard of comfort is comparatively high among the working class, and this it is, coupled with the fact that manufactures do not as yet pay in the colony, that accounts for a consumption of British products which, in view of the size of the Australian population, seems at first sight inexplicably large.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Emperor William has completely recovered from his recent illness.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria has gone to Paris to purchase, it is reported, the diamonds of the Crown.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD's letter to his mother has been printed in *fac simile*, and is having a large sale in Ohio.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales have this season accepted many invitations to private dinners—something unusual for them.

THE friends and admirers of the greatest Jew biter in Germany, Herr Ruessell, have nominated him for the Reichstag from Berlin.

THE Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath has been conferred upon the Right Hon. Henry Brand, Speaker of the House of Commons.

CHANG TSAO JU, Customs Intendant at Tientsin, has been appointed to supersede Chin Lan Pin, the present Minister to the United States.

PRESIDENT BARTLETT, of Dartmouth College, has been elected a delegate to the Congregational Union of England and Wales to be held at London.

MR. MURPHY, the American temperance lecturer, had a formal welcome in London on the 27th ult. He will lecture throughout Great Britain.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has been appointed President of the Economy and Trade Department in the Social Science Congress to be held at Dublin.

A DISPATCH from Copenhagen says it is reported from St. Petersburg that Hartmann, the Nihilist, has offered to turn informer on condition of being amnestied.

SIGNOR BERTINATTI, long Italian Minister at Washington, and the husband of Miss Dehon, of Boston, died last month in Holland, where he was representing King Humbert.

BOSTON CORBETT, formerly of the Eighteenth Michigan Volunteers—the man who shot J. Wilkes Booth—has applied for a pension for general disability, due to exposure in the army.

HERR HENZOO, some time Secretary of State of the German Empire for Alsace and Lorraine, has arrived in New York from Bremen, and comes to investigate the agricultural resources of the United States.

THE Boston City Council proposes to lay out a new square in their city and give to it the name of Garfield. A citizen offers \$500 as the beginning of a fund for the erection of a statue of the President in the square.

MR. BRADLAUGH has issued a fresh manifesto to the English people announcing his intention to go to the House of Commons again at the next session of Parliament, and asking them to protect him against unlawful violence.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, the authoress, plunged into the surf at Long Branch, on September 2d, and drew ashore Mr. Lars Anderson, executor of the Longworth estate in Cincinnati, who was temporarily paralyzed while bathing.

THE Church of St. Michael at Hughenden is to be completed and improved as a memorial to Lord Beaconsfield. Over the seat which the Earl was accustomed to occupy Queen Victoria intends to place a monument, the chief ornament of which will be a portrait medallion.

THE African explorer, Major von Mecho, has returned to Frankfurt from his expedition in Western Africa. He explored the Kwango, one of the largest southern affluents of the Congo, and discovered two great falls in the river, which he named after the allied Emperors of Germany and Austria.

THE will of the late Hon. John D. Whitehouse, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been admitted to probate. His estate is estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. In a brief document of one hundred words he left his entire property, real and personal, to his wife and daughter, and appointed them and Jacob B. Carpenter his executors.

THE chair which the Liberals of Greenwich have presented to Mr. Gladstone is carved out of brown oak, and has a buff morocco covering, edged with blue and silvered nails. A plaque of silver bears a complimentary inscription, the chair runs on silver castors, and accompanying it is a footstool of the same materials and style of workmanship.

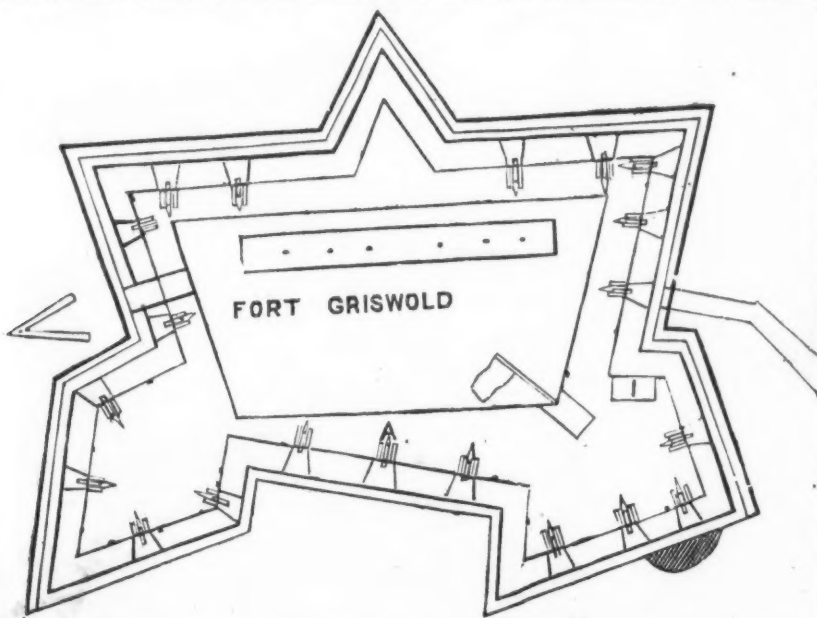
A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch to the New York Herald says that "the Hartmann who has visited America is a fraud. The real Hartmann is known to have been elsewhere. This has been affirmed to the Herald correspondent in the most positive manner by a high dignitary, but the statement is, notwithstanding, believed to be unfounded in fact.

THE exiled King and Queen of Naples spend their Summers quietly at Houlgate, on the French coast. The king allows no ambition to disturb his easy existence. The Italian Government has lately taken into consideration a proposition tending to restore to the royal family of Naples the large fortune they enjoyed when the king was on his throne.

THE Grand Duke of Baden, who is about to become a king, is the most liberal of all the present German sovereigns. His sympathy with all liberal and popular movements, and his manly and unpretending character have made him a great favorite with his republican neighbors on the Swiss frontier. The Grand Duke is married to the only daughter of the Emperor William.

JOHN FREDERICK ELMORE, the new Minister resident of Peru, accredited to this Government, has presented to the Secretary of State copies of his letters of credence, and has been provisionally recognized in that capacity pending his formal presentation to the President, which, in the present condition of General Garfield, is necessarily deferred. Mr. Elmore represents the new constitutionally elected Government of Señor Calderon.

OBITUARY.—August 25th—Suddenly, at sea, of apoplexy, Rev. F. G. Kendall, of Brooklyn, son of Rev. Dr. Henry Kendall, of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregational Church, aged 52. August 26th—At Fire Island, from paralysis, Hon. Samuel R. Ruggles, of New York City, a well-known political economist and ex-Canal Commissioner, aged 81. August 29th—Instantly, by an accidental explosion of torpedoes during official business at the Torpedo Station, Newport, R. I., Lieutenant-Commander Benjamin L. Edes, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Lyman G. Spaulding, U. S. N.; at Bordentown, N. J., Jane, widow of John L. Knight, and mother of the Countess Constantine Buxholden of Russia, and mother-in-law of Colonel Wm. Ward, of New York, aged 87. August 30th—Alexander Mosely, a well-known Virginia journalist, for over forty years connected with the Richmond Whig, and for many years unsalaried State Fish Commissioner, aged 73. September 1st—Benjamin I. Butler, son of General B. F. Butler, aged 27. September 2d—Hendrick B. Wright, the well-known Democratic Member of Congress from the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) District, aged 73; Gustave Richter, the German painter and professor in the Berlin Academy of Art, aged 57.



FORT GRISWOLD, FROM A SKETCH BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER, AFTER THE CAPTURE.

and these unbarred the gates for the main body to rush in. Colonel Ledyard then yielded up his sword to the British officer in command, presumably Captain Beckwith, a New Jersey loyalist, who, on receiving it, ran Ledyard through the body, killing him instantly. This was the signal for a wholesale slaughter of the garrison—of the one hundred and thirty able-bodied men in the fort when the massacre began, only twenty being alive and unwounded at its close. Preliminary to the massacre the town of New London was captured by a British force under Benedict Arnold, who set fire to the stores and shipping, and reduced the most valuable part of the town to ashes.

Fort Griswold, which formed the conspicuous point of interest in the centennial pageant, holds its position on the heights, and frowns grimly down on city and harbor. It is an earthen redoubt planted in a pasture field on the very summit of Groton Heights—"a square with flankers," as Benedict Arnold tersely described it in his official report. It is still in a gratifying state of preservation. A writer says of it that "The rocky soil, the thick greenwood that mantles it and its position beyond the reach of progress, have kept the historic structure intact in every feature. Moat, ramparts, sally-port, embrasures, well, gateway and outlying earthwork are all there; even the covered way which communicated with a supporting redoubt below still remains. Nothing is missing from the picture presented on that September morning one hundred years ago but the guns, the magazine and the embattled farmers gazing grimly in the face of the foe." The Centennial Committee wisely refrained from disturbing to any extent the ancient appearance of the earthwork. The walls were cleared of bushes, a flagstaff planted in the southwest bastion and a block of granite placed near the gateway to mark the spot where Ledyard fell. No further changes, except the mounting of guns on the parapet, were made. A few yards north of the fort is the monument commemorating the massacre—a granite pillar twenty-six feet square at the base, one hundred and fifty-four feet high, and bearing on its southern face the names of the heroes who fell. The inscription, closing with the appropriate quotation from Judges, "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto death in the high places of the field," is only equaled in beauty and force by the inscription on the soldiers' monument on Boston Common.

The committee having in charge the centennial celebration was organized in 1879, its president being Paymaster J. G. Harris, U. S. N. Among its members were many of the foremost citizens of New London County. The efforts of the committee in awakening public interest in the centennial have been unremitting, and were recognized by the Connecticut Legislature by an appropriation of \$3,000 for the expenses of the celebration, and Con-

children—in five minutes, upon an alarm of fire, and that without giving any indication of the cause.

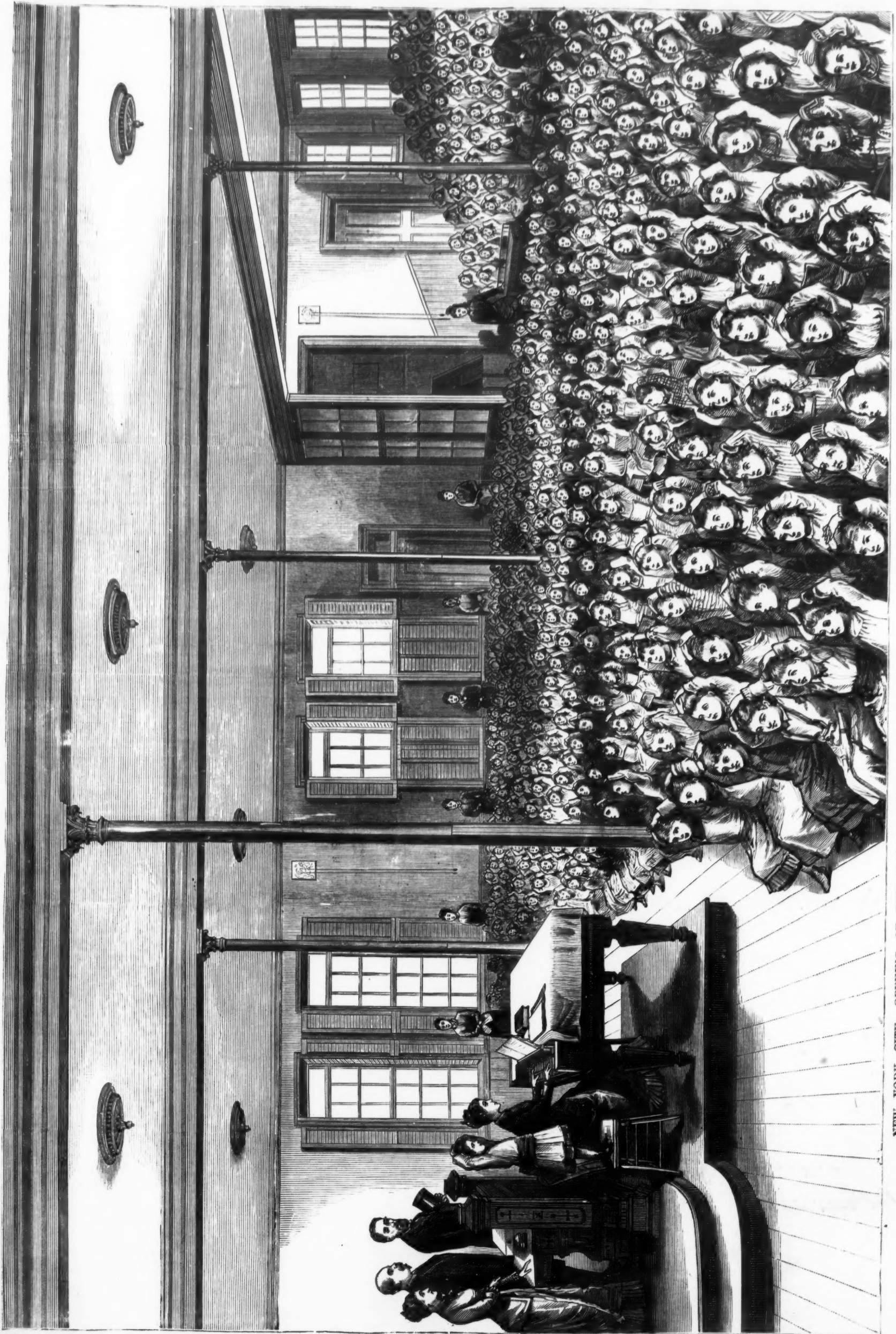
Indeed the training is so frequent and thorough, that unless the children could see the fire or smoke, few would know the existence of danger, as at the successive tapping of a bell they stand erect, then move with amazing facility into columns in the different aisles, some turning right about face, and all marching with regular step to the various staircases and thence beyond the range of peril.

The calisthenic exercises are intended for the younger pupils, both as a wholesome part of thorough training and as a relief to the tedium of school hours. This exercise freshens them up wonderfully, and is so pleasing to the little ones that they are, as a rule, unwilling to miss a day at school, even for sickness. Every muscle of the body is brought into quick play, and the mother-wit is sharpened, for the children have to remember a great deal, so that when the bell taps or the piano is struck they will know just what position to assume. It is positively amazing to a visitor, who sees a school at these exercises for the first time, to watch the precise, accurate and uniform movements of those little toddlers, and then to be treated to an exhibition of the power of their lungs. From those exercises to the training in the fire march is an easy step. For the introduction of those two features of public school education the Commissioners are entitled to the heartiest praise.

TRELAWNY, THE FRIEND OF BYRON.

ONE of the most notable men of the times, and one who has figured prominently for three generations, has just died at Shoreham, near Brighton, in England. Born in 1792, he had just entered his ninetyeth year when he passed away in the cottage in which he lived so long and which he loved so much. There, in the full sound of the great ocean's restless voice, Edward Trelawny, the bosom friend of Byron, Shelley and Keats—the warrior who fought in the dawn of Grecian freedom—met that invisible power, *Pallida Mors*, who knocks alike at the cottage and the palace.

We shall not trouble our readers with the facts of his life, for a thousand journals have, within the last few days, spread them broadcast over the land. We shall merely give a few anecdotes, not hitherto in print, which will illustrate one of the salient points of his character. Tall and elegantly formed, he embodied in his appearance and manners the last of an ancient Cornish family; full of courage and self-reliance, he looked as pronounced and aggressive as he was by nature, strengthened by that life of adventure which was his natural ele-



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—AN EXHIBITION OF THE CALISTHENIC EXERCISES.—SEE PAGE 43.

THE TOMB OF MALIBRAN.

MARIA FELICIA MALIBRAN, the great Spanish singer, who died in Manchester, England, in 1836, was born in 1808, some authorities say at Paris, others at Turin. She was the



THE TOMB OF MME. MALIBRAN, BRUSSELS.

daughter of Manuel Garcia, by whom she was instructed so thoroughly that at the age of seventeen she was able to make her debut before the public. In 1826 she was married to Eugene Malibran, a French merchant of New York, but lived with him less than a year. Returning to Europe, she made her first appearance in Paris, and until the close of her life her career was unexceptionably brilliant. The French courts pronounced her marriage void, and in 1836 she married the celebrated violinist De Beriot. A month afterwards she met with a serious injury in falling from her horse, but persisted in singing in Brussels and at Aix-la-Chapelle during the summer. While at Manchester, in 1836, she was attacked with a nervous fever, and died there on September 24th of that year. Her remains were afterwards disinterred and placed in the cemetery of Lackon near Brussels, and over them has recently been erected the monument shown in our engraving.

REV. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.

DR. OSBORN, the President of the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1881, was born at Rochester, Eng., in 1808, and educated at Brompton. His parents were Wesleyans, and he himself became a member of the society very early in life. In the year 1829 he entered the Wesleyan ministry, and was appointed to the Brighton Circuit, where he labored successfully for two years. His rise in Methodism was unusually rapid; he took some of the most important appointments that the Conference had to give, and, for so young a man, was conspicuous as a debater. London, Manchester and Liverpool were favored with the advantage of his services. Although a thorough Methodist, he is very catholic in his sentiments and beliefs. He is known to be friendly with ministers of all evangelical denominations, and was one of the first founders of the Evangelical Al-



REV. GEORGE OSBORN, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OF GREAT BRITAIN FOR 1881.



OHIO.—"CLOVER NOOK," THE OLD HOMESTEAD OF PHEBE AND ALICE CAREY, NEAR CINCINNATI.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE OLD WASHINGTON HOTEL, AT BROADWAY AND THE BATTERY, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY CYRUS W. FIELD.—SEE PAGE 46.

the appropriate form of starting a subscription for erecting the statue of William Harvey, in pursuance of resolutions passed by a meeting over which the Mayor of Folkestone presided, Dr. George Eastes, a medical gentleman of that town, being the most active promoter of the undertaking.



AN ELECTRIC LAMPLIGHTER AND EXTINGUISHER.

The statue is a bronze figure, eight feet high, sculptured by Mr. Albert Bruce Joy; it is placed on a granite pedestal, at the west end of the Lees, adjacent to Castle Hill Avenue, facing the sea, and not far from the site of the house which was Harvey's birth-place.

Professor Owen, in his address before unvailing the statue, explained how the methods and results of Harvey's discovery have not only laid the foundation of all progress in physiology, but have been the basis of modern scientific medicine and surgery, and consequently the source of countless blessings to suffering humanity. From this point Professor Owen passed into a disquisition on the experiments and discoveries of Harvey and his follower, Hunter, showing the value of vivisection as the helpmate of surgical research and discovery, and without which we should still be in the dark ages of science as regarded the healing profession. In conclusion, he remarked that it seemed to him to be a public duty germane to the memory of the "great vivisector" to oppose a now threatened appeal to the Legislature totally to prohibit such experiments as those to which mankind was indebted for Harvey's and Hunter's great discoveries. He was prepared to prove, on all fitting occasions, the mode and degree in which vivisection imparted the power of diminishing and removing the sufferings of our fellow men.

THE CAREY HOMESTEAD.

WE give on this page an illustration of the "brown house, low and small," eight miles from Cincinnati, the old homestead of Alice and Phoebe Carey, which has recently been consecrated to their memory by a gathering of the Society of Friends and many other interested persons who had heard of Mr. Alexander Swift's happy thought in

Hance. In 1851 Dr. Osborn was appointed one of the foreign missionary secretaries, and remained in that office for seventeen years. The jubilee of the Wesleyan foreign missions was held in 1863, and in the same year Dr. Osborn was elected President of the Conference, and rendered great service to the cause of missions by his able advocacy in most of the principal towns of England. On the retirement of the Rev. Thomas Jackson from the Divinity Chair of the Richmond College, Dr. Osborn was elected to it, and still holds that office. Dr. Osborn is an able expository preacher, and his style is a "well of English undefiled," and is frequently lighted up with great felicity of illustration. His knowledge of John Wesley and his writings is marvelous, and he is more fitted than any other Wesleyan minister to write on the study of John Wesley's writings, as he has been requested to do by the Conference.

ELECTRIC LAMPLIGHTER AND EXTINGUISHER.

AN electrician has invented a very ingenious apparatus which threatens, to no little extent, to do away with matches. By means of it, when you enter your hall at night, you can light a lamp by pulling a cord, and, curiously enough, can extinguish it by pulling the same knob or tassel. The apparatus consists of a kerosene or other lamp on a stand, in the base of which is an electro-magnet, the armature supporting two little copper rods with a little coil of platinum at the end. From this the cord extends. Pulling the cord sends a current through the apparatus; the electro-magnet attracts the armature and brings the spiral over the wick; this gets red hot and lights the lamp. When you no longer pull, the electro-magnet releases the armature, the spiral draws back leaving the lamp lighted. On a second pull the armature is again attracted, but the copper rods press a little bellows, the nozzle of which bears directly on the flame of the lamp and thus extinguishes it.

THE WILLIAM HARVEY STATUE AT FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.

A PLEASING feature of the International Medical Congress recently held at London was the excursion to Folkestone on the occasion of the unvailing of a statue of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who was born in that place in 1578. The tercentenary commemoration of his birth should have occurred three years ago, but it took



STATUE ERECTED TO WILLIAM HARVEY, AT FOLKESTONE, ENGLAND.

purchasing the place and giving it to the people. The house is two stories, without any pretensions to architectural beauty. Its interior is of the plainest description. It was built when farmers had to burn their own bricks and board the builders. A low porch runs along the south side of the house, and leads to a well of never-failing water, and over which an apple tree spreads its boughs. The house contains the simplest of furniture, which, with all other mementoes that can be collected, will be preserved. The door on the north side of the house, looking towards the old house in which the sisters were born, and which has now disappeared, possesses a peculiar interest as the door in which the ghost of Rhoda Carey, with her baby sister, Lucy, in her arms, was seen. This vision appeared in the door when the house was finished, but before it was occupied, and was believed to be the warning of the sorrows that began from that date. Just by this door stands a tall sycamore planted by Alice. "Clover Nook" will be the Mecca in years to come of many pilgrim feet; but long after the old homestead has crumbled the influence going out from the lives of the gifted sisters, whose sweet songs have been translated into the speech of every civilized people, will survive in human hearts the wide world over.

ANOTHER ANCIENT LANDMARK DOOMED.

ONE by one the historic landmarks of the metropolis are being obliterated. One of the last to succumb to the "march of progress" is the famous Washington House at the corner of Broadway and Battery Place, which has just been purchased by Mr. Cyrus W. Field, under mortgage foreclosure, and will be demolished to make room for a modern ten-story edifice. The Washington House took its name from the fact that, on his arrival in New York after the evacuation by the British troops, General Washington was there entertained by its then occupant. Its site stood on the very shore of the North River in the early history of New Amsterdam, and was directly commanded by the northerly ramparts of the old Dutch fort. The whole of Battery Place, once known as Marketfield Street, was afterwards created by filling in the land. Mr. Field's purchase stands where the garden and boat-landing stood of the first grant of land made on Broadway in 1643 to Martin Criger, many of whose descendants still live in this city. The building was erected in 1742. Previous to that time the site had been occupied by a tavern which had been built in the seventeenth century by Pieter Kocks, whose wife kept it long after his death. Pieter Kocks was an officer in the Dutch service, and a fighter in the Indian war of 1693. The present house when built was a copy of that of the British Ambassador at Lisbon, and the plans were sent from the Portuguese capital. It was built, according to the testimony of William L. Stone, by Sir Peter, afterwards Admiral, Warren, K.C.B. It was considered at the time it was built one of the finest mansions in the country. One of its rooms, 26 feet by 40 feet in dimensions, was a famous banquet-room, and was used on all great occasions. After the British forces captured New York City, in the war of the Revolution, it was occupied successively by such distinguished British commanders as Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton and Sir Guy Carlton, afterwards Lord Dorchester. Major André, who was in the family of Sir Henry Clinton, and his wife, went from this house on his fatal journey up the Hudson River to meet Benedict Arnold.

A Combined Plow and Harrow.

SEVERAL successful tests have lately been made at the State experimental farm at New Brunswick, N. J., of the Sackett Combined Plow and Harrow, and its practical utility is so fully established that a company with ample capital is about to offer the new implement to the farmers of the country. One of the highest agricultural authorities predicts that the Sackett Plow will prove "the largest advance in implements for soil preparation for half a century." The essential novelty of the implement is its harrow, a rotary wheel, receiving the greater part of the earth from the share of the plow, and turning and tending it over until it is expelled in a thoroughly pulverized and homogeneous condition. The speed of the plow is not retarded by the operation, and the soil is delivered in perfect order for the seed, which may be sown by drill attached to the plow. No more labor is required to run the Sackett than the ordinary plow, and a boy can manage the whole affair without difficulty. Not the least of its advantages is the increase of one-fourth to one-third in crops on land prepared by the Sackett over that prepared by the ordinary plow, the greater yield being due to the more complete loosening and aerating of the soil. The plow has attracted attention, even in Australia, and bids fair to become as notable an invention as the cotton gin or the reaping machine.

FUN.

THE man on the "home-stretch" can be found on the sofa in the dining-room.

VERY few communities are now without a man who has been carrying a bullet in his liver for years.

TAKEN ABACK.—The Dean: "Well, I'm glad you're getting on well in your new place, Jimmie. When I'm in London I will call and see you." Jimmie: "Oh, sir, missus don't allow no followers."

"UNCLE" said a young man, who thought that his guardian did not supply him with money often enough, "is the Queen's head still on the shilling-piece?" "Of course it is, you stupid lad. Why do you ask that?" "Because it is now such a length of time since I saw one."

SUPPLY.—Parish Clerk (at vestry meeting on the question of organ-blower's salary—the Rector in the chair): "You see, sir, it isn't as if there was only the hymns, but there's the comin' in and the goin' out, and the 'sponses and the prayers, and the psalms take a wondrous deal o' wind."

A YOUNG man recently called at a little domicile in Vicksburg. A small boy and a big yellow dog were snuggled on the doorstep, and the young man asked: "Will the dog bite?" "Well, said the boy, 'it's own to certain things he do or not. Ef yer want to collect sewing machine money, he's fierce as a tiger; but ef yer got anything to give us, he's harmless as a kitten—ain't yer, Towser?"

A MAN supremely blessed has been found at last. It is unnecessary to say that he is from Ohio. He is liverless. A man without a liver! Think of the immunities from pills and potions and pads involved in this freedom from liver bondage. There should be started a company for the disintegration of the liver among the long-suffering people of America. Shares could be sold at a premium at the very start. Too long has King Liver reigned over us. Away with him.

"WHY do you wish to leave school at your age?" said the principal of a country school near Danville, remonstrating with a sandy-haired pupil of twelve years. "You have learned comparatively nothing up to this time." "I've learned one thing mighty solid, anyhow," persisted the "student." "And what is that?" asked the teacher. "I've learned that a mistake in spellin' that only fetches a boy a cuff on the ear, keeps a big girl in two hours after school." "Young man," said the principal, handing the boy his books, "you should have left school three years ago."

THEY have a law in Maine that no medical student shall be allowed to graduate and practice medicine who has not had regular practice in the dissecting room. Then they passed a law that no bodies, save only the bodies of executed criminals, should be cut up in dissecting rooms. Then, as a climax to all this, they abolished capital punishment. That's the kind of a country Maine is.

A GALVESTON man deposited several thousand dollars in a local bank, and drew on it as he needed it. Recently he happened to meet his banker, and that gentleman stopped, and said, rather excitedly: "You have overdrawn your account by several hundred dollars." "Well, what of it? It is my account. I reckon I can do what I please with my own account. This is a free country." "Yes, but you owe me several hundred dollars." "Well, suppose I do. You owe me ten times as much for ever so long, and I didn't make a fuss about it." The depositor passed on, leaving the banker standing on the sidewalk in a dazed sort of condition of mind.

PROTECTION FROM DISEASE.

THE following, which we take from a letter, received from one of our old patients at the South, dated June 5th, 1880, shows the effect of COMPOUND OXYGEN in keeping up vitality under circumstances of great fatigue, loss of rest, exposure to fever, and all the depressing influences attending on the sickness and death of near and dear relatives. "For ten weeks my sister and I nursed our father (the late Judge) constantly, day and night, she losing one half, and I the other, of each night. I took the Oxygen regularly twice a day, and though feeble and much exhausted, did not have any symptoms of the fever; while my sister, who did not use the Oxygen at all, took the fever and died. She, too, was very delicate, but I do not believe she would have had the fever if she had been using the Oxygen. We used every precautionary measure in the way of cleanliness, pure air, wholesome food, etc." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKER & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia.

LEGAL.—"What is your occupation?" asked the magistrate, as he beamed at the burglar through his spectacles. "Wot lam I, yer washup?" replied the burglar, in his most silvery tones, "why a house cleaner, in course!"

A SELF-MADE MAN.

ABOUT ten years ago there was plowing upon the hillsides in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, a poor, careworn boy. He was one of a large family, and stood but a small show for a share of this world's joys. He was forced to leave the paternal roof and seek his own support. He had the true American pluck, and strove manfully to make his mark in the world. How well he has succeeded will be understood when we state that he has become today one of the largest and most influential manufacturers in this country. Alone he mapped out a career which already shines conspicuously among the many examples of the self-made men of our times. His name is the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, and it has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of this land. His unaided enterprise has been prodigious, his success phenomenal. He manufactures and sells direct to the people from his mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, upwards of one thousand cabinet organs every month. His establishment exceeds in size any similar factory upon the globe, and he is rapidly becoming one of the great benefactors of the race, for he has abolished middlemen's and all extortionate profits, and by reason of a vast trade he produces instruments very economically and sells them at a small margin above actual cost. The Beethoven Grand Organ shown in an advertisement in this issue is one of his newest styles, and is meeting with a wonderful sale. The combination is new, and Mr. Beatty has secured it for his exclusive use by patents filed at the Patent Office. The organ was produced in May, and is pronounced by all disinterested judges to be one of the finest ever placed upon the market. It should be ordered at once if desired for a holiday present, as Mayor Beatty has an immense trade, and has to crowd his factory to its utmost to fill orders. Readers should remember that Mr. Beatty is thoroughly responsible, and guarantees everything exactly as represented. He has been three times elected Mayor of his own city, which is proof positive that he is honored and respected at his home.

BABIES OF MAUMEE.

POTATOES they grow small,
And they ate them tops and all
In Maumee;
The babies kicked and aqualled,
And mothers spanked them all
In Maumee;
CASTORIA cured them all,
No babies now that bawl
In Maumee.

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HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE restores the brain when worried by the wear and tear of an active business life.

A YOUNGSTER'S TEETH

DEMAND greater attention than they usually receive. Mothers careful of their children's physical well-being wisely adopt SOZODONT as an article of the family toilet. If the first set of a juvenile's teeth are daily polished with this matchless purifier, the second set are almost invariably white and strong, and prove a few long years' service; otherwise they frequently turn out carious and irregular. Young and old alike benefit by its use.

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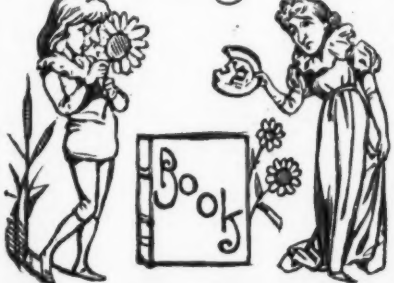
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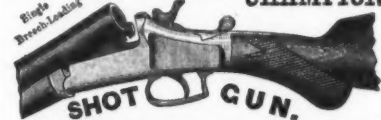
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The Case is Charmingly Ornamented with Arabesque Designs in GOLD.

All who wish to secure this Organ at \$90 must order at once as the price will soon be advanced to \$125.

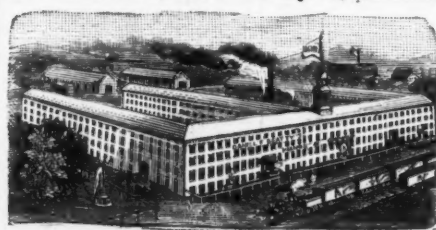
The beauty of this, my newest and most perfect style, is something phenomenal. I take great pleasure in appending a full description and the specifications of Stop Work of this matchless instrument. It is without a peer and undoubtedly the finest organ yet manufactured. In its marvelous Stop Work it stands unapproached, and for refined and beautiful tone qualities it can have no rival.

THE BEETHOVEN GRAND ORGAN has five (5) octaves, ten (10) full sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, and twenty-seven (27) stops as described in the specification of stop work below. New effects are introduced which are unequalled. The case is an architectural design of rare beauty and is simply incomparable at the price. It is of solid black walnut with extra large ornamental designs in fret work and carving; receptacle for music and book rack; music holder of chaste design; carved handles for moving; paneled sliding fall with lock; two turned lamp stands; metal foot plates which never wear out; best rubber upright bellows; the whole being charmingly decorated with arabesque designs in gold. Words are inadequate to convey a just conception of its surprising qualities.

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK, 27 STOPS IN ALL.

1. Cello. This is a set of reeds in the bass, 8 feet pitch, producing a clear, brilliant tone, similar to that of a Bass Viol. It is very effective.
2. Melodia. A beautiful open toned stop, acting upon the Diapason reeds.
3. Clarabella. A stop acting upon a set of reeds producing a clear, smooth tone, similar in quality to the Diapason.
4. Manual Sub-Bass. Draws an octave of powerful sub-bass reeds, 16 feet pitch, connected with the Manual. The tone is deep and sonorous and has a round, pipe-like quality.
5. Bourdon. A stop producing an open tone of 16 feet pitch.
6. Saxophone. A full set of reeds in the treble of 8 feet pitch, very ready in quality, and similar to the instrument from which the stop derives its name.
7. Viol di Gamba. A set of 8 feet reeds, smooth, round and subdued tone.
8. Diapason. 8 feet pitch, smooth, pipe-like quality.
9. Viola Dolce. A set of reeds, 4 feet pitch, very soft and sweet and extremely useful as an accompanying stop.
10. Grand Expression. A stop that opens two sets of reeds, one brilliant and one subdued in tone, producing an enchanting combination effect.
11. French Horn. 8 feet pitch, exactly imitating a French Horn. This stop is another of the novel and artistic effects which have been given to the world by the Beatty Organs. It is one of great beauty.
12. Harp Aeoline. A beautiful, dreamy and entrancing effect is produced by this stop.
13. Vox Humana. This is a mechanical arrangement placed just back of the reeds, and when drawn, gives to the tone a wondrously thrilling effect never attained in instrumental music before its introduction. The Beatty Humana is unlike all others, and produces sympathetic sweetness and harmony, imitating the human voice.
14. Echo. An 8 feet tone, smooth round quality, and with a full and charming effect, imitating the stop Diapason of a pipe organ.
15. Dulciana. A set of reeds in the treble of 8 feet pitch, full, deep.

No manufacturer, other than myself, can build this Organ, or one producing similar effects, at any price.



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